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TEMPLE BAR 2468 SEPTEMBER 29, 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2622

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

P. G. Wodehouse: "I sit at the typewriter and curse a little"

On his birthday last year P. G. Wodehouse sat down at his typewriter with four hundred pages of notes. "Most of them," he says, "were pure delirium." Seven months later the chaotic wad of scribbles had been shaped and polished into a new novel, *Something Fishy*, which begins on page 11.

A surprisingly tall and bulky man, Wodehouse is now living on Long Island. He last lived in England in 1934.

Born at Guildford, Surrey, Wodehouse ended an uninteresting career as a City bank clerk when he was twenty-one, after a boys' magazine had bought some of his short stories. At thirty-five he created Jeeves, and by 1939 (when Oxford conferred on him an honorary doctorate of literature) the impossible world of Jeeves and Bertie Wooster had earned him a fortune. The few surviving copies of one of his early books, *Swoop*, are now available in ten-guinea bindings. Yet *Swoop* earned its author less than £10 when it was written.

When Pelham Grenville Wodehouse was asked for the secret of his success he said: "I just sit at the typewriter and curse a little." Over the last half-century that formula has produced ten books for boys, more than forty novels, 315 short stories, the lyrics for twenty-two musical comedies and contributions to sixteen plays of which he has been author or part author. For several years Wodehouse wrote film scripts in Hollywood and soon his most famous character, Jeeves the butler, will be seen on American television.

Like the *Children of Grace* in his story on page 24, Frank O'Connor was born in the poor part of Cork, in 1903. He had no education worth speaking of, "except in the public library," and few ambitions, except to write. And that was born of childhood circumstances. "I was intended by God to be a painter," he says, "but I was very poor. Pencil and paper were all I could afford so I had to be a writer. Literature is the poor man's art."

At twelve, Frank O'Connor produced his first collected printed edition of his work—poems, biographies and historical essays. He learned Irish when he was still very young and steeped himself in Gaelic poetry, music and legend.

O'Connor has made up for the early years when music and the theatre were denied him. He has been manager of the Abbey Theatre, "and I once caused consternation in my native city by producing Ibsen and Chekhov." Now, with his reputation firmly based on a long list of novels and short stories, his interests are mainly musical. He will talk for hours about Carolan, an eighteenth-century Irish composer "who wrote enchanting dance music."

TO OCTOBER'S BREADWINNER

What's happening to bread in October? Many people are asking for an explanation in simple terms

On Monday October 1st 'national' bread ceases to exist. Those who want their bread snowy white can have it so. But the government says that certain standards must be maintained and has laid down a way in which the loaf must be fortified. The idea is to give you back on the roundabouts what the whiter bread will be losing on the swings.

Hovis will not change Hovis is not affected by these changes. Hovis is made from natural creamy flour to which many helpings of the wheatgerm have been added — twenty times as much as the miller was able to leave in 'national' bread. So nobody asks Hovis to add nutrients, for it has them now, the natural way.

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Free Speech

- **Is Britain bored with politics?**
- **Happy hostels on a shoestring**
- **Games that have lost fashion**

IN the past two years, I have canvassed probably a thousand houses in all kinds of areas in an attempt to gain recruits for a political party. Which party is irrelevant; what is important is that politics don't seem to matter any more.

Doorstep replies are bored, apathetic. "I don't know," says one householder. "There's nothing anyone can do, is there?" says another. "We like to steer clear of politics," apologises a third. These are samples of the comment you get today, and they are evidence of the sort of helplessness and sense of inevitability that seems to have seized us all. Have we lost the art of thinking for ourselves? And feeling? Don't we care what happens to us? Are we supporters of democracy to be accused of being our own worst enemies?

If only somebody would throw me off the doorstep I would know that the country is waking up.—D. E. L., Hertfordshire.

Getting It Over

While spending three weeks with my pen friend in Germany I discovered that schools there open at 8 a.m. and close at 1 p.m., which I thought was very sensible.

One could either do homework in the afternoon and enjoy an evening free from mental exercise, or spend a leisurely afternoon in the sun, instead of being cooped up in a stuffy form room, and do homework in the evening.—Miss Ann Traynor, Northwich, Cheshire.

Trade Marks

It seems to be the craze to obtain a car registration number bearing one's initials or spelling one's nickname. Now it is spreading to the professions; an auditor I know has a plate with the prefix "EOE", which appears on every auditor's certificate as a form of indemnity—"Errors and Omissions Excepted."

The possibilities are endless. There could also be a party game on the style of "What's My Line?"—"Here's my car number."—J. B. Shilvock, Kidderminster, Worcestershire.

Last year, for the first time, local authorities were allowed to re-issue marks or numbers made void by virtue of vehicles being broken up or destroyed. A car owner wanting one of these, or wanting to retain a void number that he already has, is charged a fee of £5. There may be no charge if the special number he wants is to be issued slightly in advance of its normal allocation.

Mortgaged Future

In 1945 I obtained a mortgage with a building society, and the rate of interest was 4½ per cent. I have just been told that in 1957 the rate will go up to 5½ per cent. I can understand rates increasing for new loans, to keep pace with higher overheads, but I fail to see why a 1957 rate of interest should affect a 1945 loan.—C. A. Gilbert, Hadleigh, Essex.

"If building societies borrowed money on a long-term basis, there would be cause for complaint," says an expert. "But they borrow on a short-term basis, so that investors can withdraw at short notice. If they didn't offer interest rates comparable with other kinds of investment, their investors' money would flow out. So, to keep it, building societies have to offer high rates, which in turn increase mortgage rates.

"There used to be a few fixed rate mortgages issued at somewhat higher rates than those prevailing at the time. But now mortgages generally contain a clause providing for fluctuations."

Holiday Reading

Why can't public library tickets be interchangeable when one is on holiday for short periods? It would make what is already an efficient service even more efficient.—I. G. Thomas, Epsom, Surrey.

"About seventy-five per cent of the public libraries in Britain do accept the tickets of other public libraries," says the Library Association. "There is no general rule, because libraries are a local authority concern, but most people going to the seaside on holiday will find that libraries there will accept visitors' home town library tickets."

Without Luxury

Girls seem to be taught to expect luxuries far beyond their ordinary status at Bourne and Hollingsworth's hostel ("Living In Luxury—For Girls Only," John Bull, September 1). But at a church hostel, such as the one I run, every halfpenny has to be watched. We have no hair-driers, television or electric irons, but we do have a very happy atmosphere, in which girls try to be helpful and live a normal homely life.—C. V. S., Holborn, London.

International Welcome

The complaint ("Free Speech," August 25) that there are no "Welcome" signs in England does not apply to Torquay. This South Devon resort, as my picture shows, welcomes visitors in nine languages (left to

right), Dutch, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Arabic, Hebrew and — recently added — Welsh. And Torquay is always considering adding new ones.—C. G. R. Harris, Netherleigh Road, Torquay.

Reasonable Doubt?

I agree that the method used at the present time by English juries to reach a unanimous verdict is illogical ("Free Speech," September 1). Why should a juryman have to betray his conscience? It would be far better to adopt the Scottish system of a fifteen-man jury and a majority verdict. But I don't agree that a "Not guilty" verdict should be returned in case of doubt. Why not introduce the honest Scottish verdict of "Not proven" in such cases?—Mrs. T. Stewart, Rannoch Road, Perth, Scotland.

"One of the objections against a majority verdict is that it could virtually depend on one man," says a lawyer. "When English juries disagree, it means there is a strong element of doubt.

"The main argument against a 'Not proven' verdict is that the defendant leaves the court still under suspicion. People tend to say, 'He did it, but they couldn't prove it.'"

Forgotten Games

If cigarette cards return, today's schoolboys will have the chance of recapturing some of the pleasure denied them since the beginning of the second World War.

Children's tastes in games have certainly changed: tip cat, hoops and tops have disappeared entirely, and

five stones and marbles are not as popular as they were. About the only unchallenged survivor is the very "seasonable" conker, and I see that the old pogo stick, popular with younger children, has been revived. Can't modern children amuse themselves any more?—K. L. D., York.

Fire Cover

Your cartoon showing a fire station in flames (John Bull, August 18) reminded me of a story I heard about a small town fire station. It had only one fire engine, and a replacement was sent from a town fifteen miles away when it was called out to a fire.—D. J. Charles, Eastbourne, Sussex.

"Mobilizing fire appliances nowadays is often done by the county headquarters concerned," says the Fire Protection Association. "They move appliances around rather like chessmen in order to 'cover up.' In this way, one fire can easily involve shifting a number of appliances—not every engine racing along the road is on its way to a fire."

Waterlogged

During a recent cloudburst, one of my year-old ducks was drowned while swimming in the pond. After searching for a long time for the second duck, I found it almost completely submerged. It was able to move, though very feebly, and I managed to revive it by artificial respiration and warmth. Many people think that it is impossible for ducks to drown, but this is not so.—Miss K. Pitt, Edinburgh, 4.

"Ducks can drown," a naturalist agrees. "When they are out of sorts they don't bother to use their beaks to spread the oil from the duct near the tail, which makes the feathers normally waterproof. And it is the feathers which keep a duck buoyant."

Charge For Church

One of the remarkable things about my recent holiday was that, with other people, I was charged for admission to a church.

I have visited many cathedrals and historic churches, but I have never

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

had to pay before. The verger told me that entry to the church was free of charge for worship, but visitors looking round had to pay—to help with insurance and the upkeep of the fabric.—L. P. CRAIGLE, Sunderland.

"There seems to be nothing to stop a charge being made to non-parishioners," says a lawyer. "A church is the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and parishioners for the latter's use. It would appear that only parishioners have a right to enter the church for the purpose of worship without any condition of payment."

Interested Parties

A few months ago, having saved up sufficient money, I decided to retire and open a public house.

Everything was arranged except the licence, for which I had to apply at the local magistrate's court. I was told there might be objections to this from temperance organizations, and these I was prepared for. But what astonished me was that my three prospective competitors turned up and gave evidence against my application—on the grounds that there was "no need" for another public house. My application failed.

Such objections to legitimate competition should not be tolerated. Obviously if there was "no need" for my business it would fail—and that would have been nobody's concern but mine.—L. S., Lancashire.

Ticket Trouble

Surely it is rather stupid of British Railways to make their holiday runabout tickets not transferable. If the purchaser cannot use the ticket on one day, he should be able to give it to a friend without being guilty of an offence. After all, only one person at a time uses the ticket.—G. E., Chester, Cheshire.

"The 'not transferable' rule is to prevent misuse of tickets," says British Railways. "Many tickets, including the 'runabouts,' are issued at cheap rates. If tickets were transferable, a person having completed only part of a journey and no longer requiring his ticket could sell it and make a profit."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £100 cash FREE for a title for this week's cover

EVERYBODY, sooner or later, finds himself in the sort of amusing human situation which, week by week, involves the characters in JOHN BULL'S covers. Now comes the chance for readers to match the imagination of the artists. Each week JOHN BULL, as part of its great autumn programme, offers a cash prize of £100 *free* to the sender of the best cover picture title consisting of not more than eight words.

When you have decided on a title, cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal address, then post the card (2d. stamp) to JOHN BULL, No. 2 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, October 8, 1956.

The prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received. Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of JOHN BULL (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

ANOTHER FREE £100 COVER COMPETITION NEXT WEEK

THE COVER

WELL, here's an interesting problem for harvest-time. Should a not-so-nimble farmer clamber up the tree himself and miss the topmost crop? Or should he hire a bunch of hungry acrobats and lose half the harvest as samples? Obviously, Mays knows the answer. Let's hope he's also ready with cures for collywobbles and a way of separating a horizontal youngster from a vertical ladder. Meanwhile the corn harvesters are finding out a thing or two for themselves—mainly that "an apple a day" is not quite such a comfortable adage as it seems.

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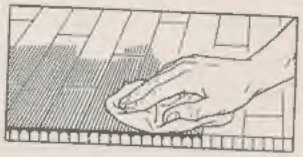

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Something Fishy

THE dinner given by J. J. Bunyan at his new York residence on the night of September 10, 1929, was attended by twelve guests, most of them fat and all, except Mortimer Bayliss, millionaires. Not one of those present but had made his hundred thousand dollars or so in the past few years, and even Bingley, Mr. Bunyan's English butler, and the rest of the Bunyan staff had added appreciably to their savings. For the bull market was booming, and the only problem worrying those speculating in it was what to do with all the easy money that kept pouring in.

It was this subject that engaged the company's attention when dinner was over, and the debate was in full swing when Mortimer Bayliss intervened in it.

Mortimer Bayliss was the curator of the great Bunyan picture collection. Mr. Bunyan liked having him as a guest at these otherwise

Jane interrupted Lord Uffenham's thoughts. "Breakfast, piping hot," she said. "What's on your mind, baby?"

Eleven times fifty thousand—in dollars . . . ! At least one millionaire's son wouldn't end up in the gutter

all-financier banquets, partly because he felt he lent an intellectual tone, but principally because he made a speciality of being abominably rude to everyone except his employer, which appealed to the latter's rather primitive sense of humour.

Mortimer Bayliss was thin and sardonic. He considered that his fellow diners were clods and Philistines, and their foolish babble offended him.

"Yachts!" said Mortimer Bayliss. "Villas on the Riviera! Have you wretched embryos no imagination? Get some fun out of your beastly wealth, why don't you? You—Brewster or whatever your name is! Ever heard of Tonti?"

Sure. He wrote a song called 'Goodbye.'"

"That was Tosti, my poor oaf. Tonti was an Italian banker of the seventeenth century and in the intervals of banking he invented the tontine. And if you want me to tell you what a tontine is——"

"I know that," said J. J. Bunyan. "It's where a bunch of guys put up money and found a trust and the money goes on accumulating till there's only one fellow left in, and he takes the jackpot. Right?"

Correct in every detail, J. J. You and I are educated men."

"What made you bring it up, Mort? Are you suggesting that we start a tontine?"

"Why not?"

One of the stouter millionaires wrinkled his brow. He said: "I don't get the idea. What happens? Suppose we each put up a thousand dollars?"

"A thousand?" Mortimer Bayliss snorted. "Fifty thousand. You want to make it interesting, don't you?"

"All right. Fifty thousand! And what happens then?"

"You start dying. You die off one by one and when you've all died except one, that one scoops the kitty." J. J. explained it a moment ago in his admirably lucid way, but apparently it did not penetrate the concrete.

The stout millionaire shook his head. "I don't like it. Gruesome, I call it. And another thing. The winner wouldn't collect till he was about ninety, and what use would the money be to him then?"

Six other millionaires said that was precisely the flaw that had struck them.

"The voting seems to be against you, Mort," said J. J. Bunyan. "Try again."

"All right. How about your sons? You've all got sons, and pretty repulsive most of them are.

Start a tontine for them. No, wait! Here's a really bright scheme. Start a tontine for your revolting offspring, but fix it that the cash goes to the last to get married."

"Same thing, really. Death or marriage, what's the difference?" added Mortimer Bayliss, who had been a bachelor for forty-three years and intended to remain one. "If you each put up fifty thousand, that's over half a million to begin with, and by the time it's paid out it should have doubled itself. And the most you stand to lose is your original stake, which you're going to lose anyway in a week or two, when this bull market blows up, as it most certainly will."

"All right!" he went on, as shocked voices rose in protest. "I'm just telling you. My little bit of money is safely tucked away in government bonds, and I advise you to put yours there. There's a crash coming, my hearties, a crash that will shake the fillings out of your back teeth."

"That's why I suggest this tontine for your progeny. Then at least one of the unfortunate little tykes won't have to end his days selling pencils in the streets."

"Of course, there's just one thing. You'll have to have a solemn gentlemen's agreement to keep the thing under your hats. Tip the lads off to what they're going to lose by entering the holy state, and you'll have eleven permanent celibates on your hands. Well, there you are, that's the best I can do for you," said Mortimer Bayliss and, having directed a look of scorn and loathing at the company through his black-rimmed monocle, refilled his glass.

There was a hushed silence. Then J. J. Bunyan said: "Boys, I think our friend Mort has got something. . . ."

The sunshine of a fine summer morning was doing its best for the London suburb of Valley Fields. At the house in Mulberry Grove named Castlewood, it made its way across a neat little garden and passed through french windows into a cosy living-room, where it lit up, among other interesting objects such as an aspidistra plant, a cuckoo clock and a bowl of goldfish, the portly form of Harold Keggs, retired butler, who was reading *The Times*. The date on the paper was June 18, 1956.

The twenty-six years and nine months which had elapsed since J. J. Bunyan's dinner party had robbed the world of that dinner's host and most of his guests, but they had touched Keggs lightly. For some reason, butlers do not grow old as we grow old. Keggs, reclining in his chair with his feet on a footstool and a mild cigar between his lips, looked precisely as he had looked a quarter of a century ago.

The door opened, and a small, fair-haired girl came in. She said: "Good morning, Mr Keggs."

"Good morning, miss," said Harold Keggs, heaving himself up in slow motion like a courtly hippopotamus rising from its bed of reeds on a river bank. This was Jane Benedick, niece of the Lord Uffenham, under whom he had served on his return from America in the early 'thirties, and who had been the last of his long list of employers.

Jane was a pretty girl, but the most attractive thing about her was her voice, which was one of singular beauty. It sometimes reminded Lord Uffenham, who had his poetical moments, of ice tinkling in a cocktail glass.

"I wouldn't have disturbed you," said Jane, "but the big shot is screaming for breakfast, and I can't find his *Times* anywhere. Did you punch it?"

"Yes, miss. I am sorry. I was glancing at the marriage announcements."

"Any hot news?"

"I see that Mr James Brewster was married yesterday. I remember him as a small boy. His father was a friend of Mr J. J. Bunyan, the gentleman in whose employment I was many years ago in New York."

"Would that be any relation of the Roscoe Bunyan who's taken Shipley?"

"His father, miss. A very wealthy gentleman. I believe the younger Mr Bunyan inherited a matter of twenty million dollars."

"Golly! And he argued with Uncle George about the rent like a shopkeeper in an Oriental bazaar. He isn't married, is he?"

"No, miss."

"A bit of luck for some nice girl. What I could tell you about Roscoe Bunyan! I met him in America. You know that I was sent off to America at the beginning of the war with a lot of other children?"

"No, miss. I had retired and was no longer with his lordship when hostilities broke out."

"Yes, they exported me, and I was taken over for the duration by some kind people who had a summer house at a place called Meadowhampton, on Long Island.

"Roscoe was there, and he made my life hell the little brute, till one of the other boys stopped him. He had a foul habit of ducking me in the pool on the beach where we all went, and one day he had held me under water till this angel boy told him he would knock his block off if he didn't desist.

"So he desisted. And now after all these years he has popped up in England and evicted me from my childhood home. It's a strange world, Mr Keggs."

"Most extraordinary, miss."

"Still, too late to do anything about it now, I suppose. Ah," said Jane, as ponderous footsteps made themselves heard on the stairs. "Here comes Uncle George. I must be going and getting his breakfast."

A shadow flitted across Keggs's ample face. He was able to bear up bravely at the thought of Lord Uffenham, his circumstances reduced by postwar conditions, living in lodgings in a London suburb, but it pained him that his lordship's niece should be soiling her hands in the kitchen.

He heaved a nostalgic sigh. "When I was at Shipley Hall, his lordship had a staff of ten."

"And now look at him. These are the times that try men's souls, Mr. Keggs."

"They are indeed, miss."

"Let's hope the family pictures restore our fortunes. You know the big chief is trying to sell them?"

"Yes, miss. His Lordship told me."

"They ought to be worth a packet," said Jane, and went off to scramble eggs.

As the door closed, Keggs took from his pocket a small leather-covered notebook and turned to a page that contained a list of names. Unscrewing his fountain pen, he proceeded to put a tick against one of them. It was the name of James Waldo Brewster, only son of the late James Barr Brewster of New York City.

Only two names on the list now remained unticked.

He went to the telephone. He had no need to ask Directory Enquiry for the number he required. It was graven on his memory.

"Shipley Hall," said a measured voice. "Mr Roscoe Bunyan's residence."

"Good morning. Could I speak to Mr Bunyan? This is Mr Keggs, his father's former butler."

The voice at the Shipley end became warmer. Deep was calling to deep, butler to butler. "Mr Bunyan is in London at the moment, Mr. Keggs. He went up yesterday to attend a party. Would you care to speak to Mr Bayliss?"

"No, thank you. It is a personal matter. Mr Mortimer Bayliss is in England, then?"

"Been staying here about a week."

"And when will Mr Bunyan be returning?"

"This morning, he said."

"If I were to call at about eleven?"

"You'd catch him then, I think."

"Thank you," said Keggs, and hung up.

Having decided to breakfast in the garden, Lord Uffenham was sitting at a rustic table waiting for the ravens to feed him. He was a

Apologetically, Keggs named his fee. Roscoe Bunyan took the news badly. He sat shaking like a harpooned whale

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

The man who fooled half the world

A GERMAN PRISONER OF WAR ON THE RUN IN ENGLAND

NEXT week JOHN BULL begins exclusive serialization of one of the most exciting and dramatic true escape stories ever told. It is the astonishing account of how Franz von Werra, a Luftwaffe officer, escaped from Allied hands, crossed half the world, and got back to Germany.

The joint authors have brilliantly reconstructed the fantastic adventures of von Werra, from the day he was shot down during the Battle of Britain until his return to Berlin seven months later. It is the story of . . .

Von Werra poses by the wreck of a Russian fighter

The One That Got Away

by KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR

Oberleutnant Franz von Werra was a young and handsome fighter pilot, boastful, ambitious, but full of courage. Shot down over the fields of Kent on September 5, 1940, he was sent to a prison camp in the Lake District. A month later he made his first escape.

For five days he was free, hiding among the hills and moorland while thousands of police and troops searched for him. After his recapture he was transferred to a camp in Derbyshire—and tunnelled his way out.

His head protruded a little from the hole. In the stillness close behind him somebody cleared his throat . . .

Again he got away, posed as a Dutch pilot in the R.A.F., and fooled railway officials and policemen who became suspicious of him.

The detective picked up the paper and studied it. Suddenly he rapped out: 'Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

But already an R.A.F. car was on the way from the nearest airfield to pick up the "Dutch pilot"—von Werra had ordered the car by phone. He could afford to play his part longer.

"A little. But not very well."

The police left him, the car came, he reached the airfield. There he bluffed his way into the cockpit of a Hurricane which was still on the secret list.

He glared at the starter button. He willed the battery to be strong enough.

A few minutes later he would be airborne . . . but then, in the cockpit, he was recaptured at pistol point.

He was shipped to Canada and plotted with other prisoners to grab control of the ship—they had to abandon the plan. In Canada, on the way to a prison camp, he jumped from the window of a fast-moving train under the very noses of armed guards.

It was sheer madness. Suicide. He couldn't possibly do it.

But he did. He was given a lift by the unsuspecting driver of a police car, crossed the half-frozen St. Lawrence River, and reached the United States, then still neutral. . . .

The One That Got Away is an astounding story of courage and endurance, gripping with ever-mounting tension.

It reveals details of British interrogation methods. It tells of conditions in British prison camps. Above all, it gives the picture of an amazing foe—for von Werra was one of the only two Germans who during the war escaped back to Germany from the West.

JOHN BULL has reconstructed with dramatic illustrations many of the exciting adventures he went through. They appear with photographs of von Werra and of the fascinating documents which figure in his case. *The One That Got Away* begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

man built on generous lines. In shape he resembled a pear, being reasonably narrow at the top and getting wider all the way down. Above his great spreading steppes of body there was poised a large and egglike head, the dome of which rose from a foothill fringe of straggling hair. His eyes had a strange fixity as though he was meditating deeply.

"Breakfast, piping hot," said Jane, arriving with the tray. "And here's *The Times*. What's on your mind, Baby?"

Hey?"

"I heard a whirring sound as I approached, and knew it must be your brain working. I hope I haven't derailed a train of cosmic thought."

"Hey?"

Jane sighed. Conversing with the Sixth Viscount Uffenham often tended to try the patience of his loved ones, for he had an annoying habit of going off into trances and becoming remote. However, Jane had her resources. She took the coffee-pot and pressed it firmly on his hand, and he came out of his coma with a yelp of anguish.

"Hey! What yer think yer doing? Are you aware that that pot is slightly hotter than blazes?"

"Well, I wanted to rouse you. What were you musing about?"

"Hey? Musing? Oh, yer mean musing? I was musing if yer must know, on Keggs. I've come to the conclusion that Keggs is deep and dark."

"How do you mean, deep and dark?"

"Subtle, sinister. Take that episode at the pub. He and I looked in at the Green Lion last night for a quick one, and we'd scarcely had time to blow the froth off when he was rooking the natives of their cash by means of . . . what's the word?"

"What's what word?'

"The word I'm trying to think of. Chick something."

'Chicanery?"

"That's right, chicanery. You ever been in a pub?"

"No.

"Well, yer all sit around and drink yer beer and discuss whatever subject happens to come up, and we'd been doing this for a while when Keggs turned the conversation to boxing. His sister's married to a boxer—he tells me. Feller of the name of Billson. Retired now, runs a pub somewhere. Yerss, as I was saying, he turned the conversation to boxing, deploring the fact that the chaps fighting now aren't a patch on the old-timers. 'Ah,' he said, as he swigged his beer, 'we haven't any nippy welterweights like Jack Dempsey today.'

"But wasn't Jack Dempsey a heavy-weight?"

Of course he was, and so a dozen voices told him. But he would stick to it that he only weighed ten stone four, and bobs were produced on every side by those who thought they were on a safe thing and placed in the custody of the landlord, who was appointed arbiter. 'I'm sorry, Mr Keggs,' he said, 'but I'm afraid I must decide against you. Jack Dempsey was heavyweight of the world till Gene Tunney beat him.'

"And was Keggs taken aback? Not a bit. 'Oh, *that* Jack Dempsey?' he said. 'I was not referring to him. Naturally, I meant the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil.' And he pulled out a book—yes, he had it in his pocket—and read out where it said about how it is interesting to remember that the fighting weight of Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil was only a hundred and forty-four pounds with tights on.

"Well, there was a pretty general outcry, as you can imagine, but the landlord had no option but to award the stakes to Keggs. He told me, when we were walking home, that he had made a steady income for thirty years out of that piece of chicanery. So now perhaps you'll agree that he wants watching."

"I think he's a sweetie-pie."

"A sweetie-pie, no doubt, in many respects, but the sort of sweetie-pie apt at any moment

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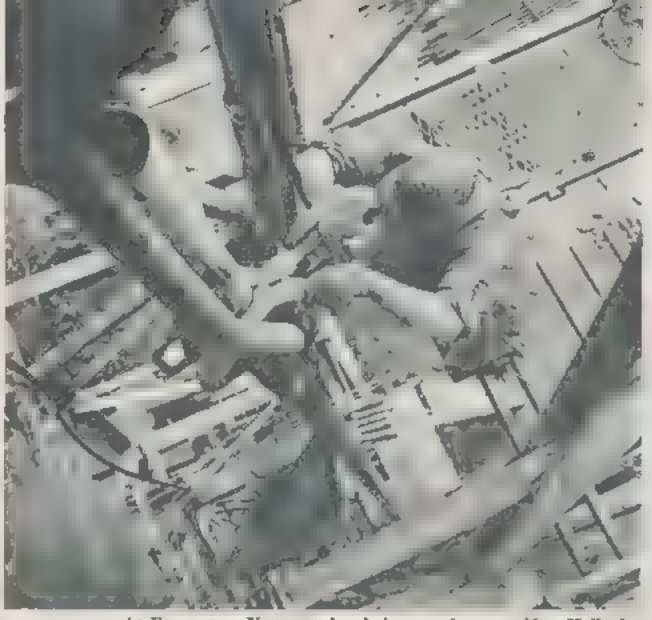


At Egmanton, Notts, a shot-hole gets deeper. Alan Hall, the derrick man, balances precariously as he lengthens the drill

Britain's oil industry is still young, but work goes on through the night. Last year 16 million gallons of high quality oil were produced

Oil under England

by HARRY HOPKINS

Prosperity lies hidden among country hedges and in back gardens—waiting to be discovered by the oilman's drill

THE observer truck had taken up its position about half-way down the cart-track through Farmer Brown's sugar-beet field. It still had "Casablanca" painted on its side and, at the front, the constellation of lights required by the French North African authorities. In April the seismic party that used it had been working over the wild hinterland of French Morocco. Now its search for oil had been switched to England.

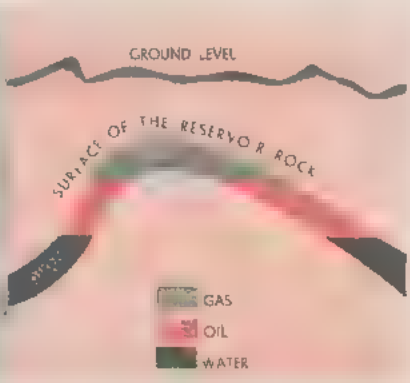
Inside the truck's compact aluminium-walled cabin, Peter Loveridge, the party's observer, made another entry on the log-sheet—the ninth that day. "*Shot-point* No. 247, *Charge* 20 lb., *Depth* 54 ft., *Detonator* 1; *Geophones per Trace* 9; *Wind Direction* . . ."

A jet fighter from an airfield only a mile or two away screamed overhead. Loveridge, a cheerful young fellow in blue jeans, eyed it resignedly. "They must get tired sometimes, I suppose," he said.

The steady stream of jets flying over, setting up their own complicating vibrations, was playing havoc with the day's "shooting" programme. Still, if it wasn't one thing in this job, it was another . . .

Loveridge flicked the switches, twelve on each side of the instrument panel, going through the usual pre-shooting check of the twenty-four traces, each linked to an array of nine geophones, pushed into the soil of these Notting hamshire fields over a distance of a quarter of a mile. Sometimes a curious cow would nose up to a geophone or nibble a connecting wire, and

A column of earth shoots skyward as another shot-hole is blasted in the quest for oil



In his caravan on the exploration site Ken Roberts, the geologist, examines samples of rock from the experimental shot-holes. These samples are taken every three feet. Oil drilling often results in the discovery of methane, a natural gas which can be used as fuel for industry

Is there oil below? After all the evidence has been collected, it is still up to the driller's bit to deliver the final verdict

Audrey Billyard follows the progress of rigs set up in new fields. In Britain more than two thousand sites have been tested for oil

then a man would have to be sent out across the fields to track down the trouble.

Loveridge shouted to the shooter, Chris Jenkins: "Okay, soon as we're quiet again." He pulled the truck door closed, shutting himself inside the cabin.

A couple of men moved forward to stop any one coming down the track. The shooter put on his aluminium-painted safety helmet. He carefully surveyed the landscape. "Seems to be quietening down again," he said, talking through his telephone to the observer shut in his cabin. "No—just a minute. A tractor's coming across the far field. . . No, he's turning off. The railway signal's down . . . All quiet now."

His hand went to the small "explosion box." "Contact!" His fingers gripped the plunger.

Inside the truck, his eyes on his instruments, the observer gave the order to fire.

A dull boom shook the field. A column of earth erupted skyward. A moment later, a shower of clods and gravel came spattering down.

A quarter of a mile away, across the railway line, the portable drill—its rig mounted on the back of a lorry—began to churn again, boring the next shot-hole in the seismic party's line of advance. The shooter and assistant observer walked forward to inspect the crater on the edge of the beetfield. Still shut inside the cabin, the red rooflight on now, Peter Loveridge extracted a long roll of sensitized paper from behind the instrument panel and began to develop it in the tank behind him.

As the developer fluid took effect, the seismogram appeared, five feet of squiggles plunging up and down like the superimposed temperature charts of half a dozen impossibly delirious patients. It was a precise chart of momentary vibrations reflected from successive strata many hundreds of feet below the earth's surface, far beyond the reach of geologists' prying hammers. Picked up by the 216 sensitive geophone detectors deployed over the fields, the vibrations had been passed down the wires, electronically amplified and photographed by the instruments in the observer's cabin.

TEN miles away, in the seismic party's temporary headquarters over a small shop in Newark-on-Trent, the party's leader, David Fish, a geophysicist trained in the great Texas oilfields, worked over the previous day's "spreads," translating their peaks and valleys and nervous squiggles into a profile of the rock strata two to five thousand feet below the surface. He was seeking, as usual, the indications of an anti-cline—a convex "pie-crust" covered by an impermeable "cap rock," and forming a trap in which the oil, seeping up from below, might accumulate.

Pinned on the wall, a large-scale map showed three parallel lines into Lincolnshire ruled out north-eastwards from the new Egmanton oilfields. They were the lines of advance for the seismic explorers. Already the party was halfway down the first line, and "Bunny" Hales, the "Permit Man," was reconnoitring the next, scouting out the possible routes by which equipment might be got into position, explaining things to farmers whose fields would be used and gaining their co-operation.

At that particular moment, said Hales, with so much standing corn in the fields, pursuing a straight line across the close-knit English countryside was scarcely possible. Furthermore, along the next line, he had now discovered, there was a gravel quarry with roaring machinery, an ammunition dump and an R.A.F. airfield. At least one had not had *that* sort of problem in Papua, where Hales had last worked as a seismic party's observer.

But most Nottinghamshire farmers—accustomed by now to this strange notion of oilfields under their hedges—are helpful enough. Out of two hundred approached by the seismic men, only two had given outright refusals. When the party enters his land, each farmer gets a £5 5s. "acknowledgment fee," one guinea for every shot-hole put down and compensation for any damage.

Though many are chagrined to discover that if oil is struck on their land, the royalties go to the State, they get rent for any space taken up by rigs or pumps. And indirect benefits can be considerable. For when the oil company moves in, it turns miry cart-tracks into all-weather roads, puts in strong wide gates, and takes electricity to the farmhouse.

Indeed, as elsewhere in the world, the striking of oil at Eakring in 1939 brought a new surge of life and opportunity to this pleasant Nottinghamshire backwater with its small neat villages of rose-red brick.

"I remember this place when people ran out to look at a bus," remarked one of the oilfield's transport men in Eakring.

But today, as headquarters of oil production and prospecting all over Britain, the village is alive with the comings and goings of geologists, geophysicists and petroleum engineers. The grey company buses carry oil workers to their homes in the neighbouring towns; lorries hauling huge oil rigs wind through the long village street. Tanker trains collect the crude oil for the refinery in Scotland. And, over the gates and hedges, in the fields for miles around, 230 "nodding donkey" pumps sway hypnotically as Friesian cattle graze placidly around them.

And now the discovery last year of another promising field at Egmanton (Pop.: 244) looks like making the Nottinghamshire farmers almost as "oil conscious" as Texans.

Egmanton No. 1—from which the oil began to flow at the rate of fifty tons a day in May, 1955—lies about ten miles north-east of Eakring. A neat edging of whitewashed stones runs around the green painted "nodding donkey," framing the small square it occupies on the edge of a field of waving corn. The patrolling pumpman was just about to make his hourly dipping of the tank.

"Good well?" he said. "Finest well, this is, in the whole district."

His name was Denis Turner. He was a farmer—and still has a nineteen-acre smallholding down the road. He would feed his two milking cows, his pigs and his poultry before coming on duty to make the round of his wells on his motor-bike. It was an interesting blending of the pastoral and petroleum worlds. He was a beekeeper, too, and had a hive down on the edge of the pump-site.

"Moved in on to this pump on the twenty-second and the bees swarmed just in the corner there on the twenty-ninth," he said. "Some good clover in that field, so I put the hive there. But it's been a bad year for honey." He consulted his watch. "Well, got to dip the tank now."

Of his three pumpmen colleagues two are former railway relief drivers, the third an ex-brewery driver. But all, said Turner, are absolutely agreed: "This is the best job we've ever had." In the matter of pensions, welfare provisions and so on, oil companies—with their vast resources—are model employers.

The Egmanton field—now being "drilled up" at thousand-feet intervals—is still in the developing stage, its limits still undefined. Behind Egmanton No. 1 a new metalled road around the edge of the fields leads to a space occupied by a series of concrete pipe-racks. A three-mile long pipe-line is being built to carry the new oil to loading gantries to be constructed at the disused railway station at Tuxford.

A MILE or so away, through a maze of lanes and farm roads, at the corner of another beet-field, the steel girders of a hundred-foot rig rose against the sky.

Egmanton No. 15 had "spudded in" two days before. The steady, gravelly growl of the drill drowned the song of the birds. The bit was already 1,450 feet down. But, said Jimmy Lawrence, the tool-pusher, so far it had been travelling through marls and coarse sandstone: soon it would be grinding into the coal measures and progress would slow down.

A big, red-faced man with that free and easy camaraderie which is the mark of working oilmen the world over, Lawrence is a veteran of the Persian fields and of Kuwait in its earliest days. But the driller on that shift, like many of these new "homegrown" British oilmen, was an ex-Nottinghamshire miner. Eric Bradford had learned his craft in these green English fields, starting thirteen years ago as a rigman ("What do you do? You do as you're told") and ascending the "roughneck" ladder, via pump-man (on the "slush pump" which keeps a special mud circulating through the hole) and derrick man to driller on the brake (which controls the pressure on the swiftly rotating bit).

Though by world standards the output of Britain's oilfields—65,000 tons last year (or about 16 million gallons)—is trifling, costs are low, there are no political risks, and British oil is of high quality, making good petrol.

For Britain as a trading nation there are other not inconsiderable benefits. American oil companies have long dominated this vast

Continued on page 54

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The wind tore at us, and the rain sucked our breath away. But we had to keep climbing

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED

I was home at last, among my own people . . . with orders to arrest a man they all loved

by HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

ONE morning in the capital, Captain Cuneo, my superior, called me to his desk. He said: "You are from the mountain village of Desolado, Lieutenant Ojeda, are you not?"

"I am."

"Your parents still live there?"

"They do."

"When was the last time you saw them?"

I thought for a moment. "I have not been home in six years, Captain."

"And, of course, you have not written," he said gravely. "One does not write to people who cannot read. Therefore it is not known in Desolado that for the past two years you have been a policeman."

I nodded, a little ashamed.

"You will leave tomorrow to pay them a visit," Cuneo said.

I blinked. Desolado is not just around the corner from the Plaza Central, you understand. But the captain only tapped his teeth with a pencil. He said: "There was once a coffee plantation at Desolado, no?"

"There was. Years ago."

"We have information that El Vago is in retirement there," he said.

My mouth hung open. El Vago, the Wanderer, hiding out in my own village? It could not be. Desolado is the end of the world—or, at least, the end of the republic of San Nicolas. But the more I thought about it, the less difficult it was to believe.

This El Vago was either hiding somewhere in the mountains or had escaped from the country. The latter was not likely. And—a significant thing—the old Desolado plantation, neglected for years and a perfect hiding place for such a man, was owned by a prominent family in the capital, long suspected of being revolutionists.

Captain Cuneo interrupted my thinking. "I would advise the cautious approach, Lieutenant, our man is elusive. You will leave your uniform here, of course. If the stranger at Desolado is indeed El Vago, arrest him quietly without arousing the people. He will have friends."

"These are my people," I said with a smile.

"El Vago makes friends everywhere," he retorted.

For three days I sat behind the wheel of a jeep, bumping happily over the road to the south. I anticipated no trouble. This El Vago, from what I had heard, was no real revolutionist—certainly no strong man with an armed following of fanatics, such as the government had dealt with in the past. He was, in fact, only a schoolteacher who had some idiotic notion that he could become president of San Nicolas merely by strolling about and talking to the peasants.

My thoughts—I confess it—were less on El Vago than on a certain dark-haired girl whom I

Continued on page 48

Success Story from Brooke Bond

I prefer **'CHOICEST'**
—it has a delightful Ceylon flavour

I drink **'EDGLETS'**
—my favourite for 40 years

I always buy **P. G. TIPS**
—because it brews so quickly

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Peter Sellers is never himself

by JOHN ENNIS

Bandit, R.A.F. officer, earl and parrot.... He's impersonated them all, including even Peter Sellers

Sellers, once just a sound-track voice, now stars in crazy goon-type films

ONE news-starved day in the summer of 1946, the gossip columnist of a popular newspaper followed a hot tip and flew to Jersey. There he sought out a dark-haired young man, with the face of a solemn Roman senator, who held the job of entertainments manager to Parkin's Luxury Holiday Camp, at Plemont. "I understand, sir, that you are the Fifth Earl of Beaconsfield," the columnist said.

"Well, no," the young man replied. "My name is Peter Sellers."

The imperfect information that an Earl of Beaconsfield was leading the revels at a holiday camp had reached the columnist from a local reporter who misheard a story that Sellers told a group of friends. The story was of an incident in Norwich where, a year or two earlier, Sellers, then a nineteen-year-old aircraftman on leave and in civilian clothing, found himself without a bed.

After every hotel had turned him down, Sellers returned to the first he had tried, the best in Norwich. "Look here," he told the receptionist. "I don't usually use my title, but I am Lord Beaconsfield." In a feudal flurry the receptionist found him a room. He went out, leaving a porter unpacking his bags.

When he returned, Sellers found two plain-clothes policemen waiting for him. The porter had found a packet of Woodbines among his belongings, and working on the assumption that no English peer would smoke such a plebeian cigarette, he promptly denounced Sellers as an impostor. Sellers confessed, proved his true identity, and was allowed to sleep in the room he had booked.

Sellers, the star on commercial television of *Idiot Weekly, A Show Called Fred*, and *Son Of Fred*, on radio of *Curnouser And Curnouser* and *Finkel's Cafe*, and one of the trio who have made radio's *Goon Show* a minor national institution, was recently described by a respected critic as television's best comic actor. His television shows are part of a long-term attempt by Sellers and his *Goon Show* partners, Spike Milligan and Harry Secombe, to replace American wisecrack humour with an up-to-date revival of the English nonsense school of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll.

Outwardly, Sellers appears quiet and shy with a thoughtful, faraway look in his brown eyes. His friends say this is misleading. Harry Secombe says darkly, "He is quite unnubibted." John Carson, an executive of the Moss Empires theatre chain, said recently: "Harry and Spike are obviously nuts. Peter isn't—and that's the most frightening thing of all."

His quiet lack of inhibition, combined with an ability to slip convincingly into almost any character but his own, has led Sellers into more perilous situations than his impersonation of a non-existent earl. Dave Lodge, the actor, remembers an occasion when, as members of an air force concert party, he and Sellers visited an R.A.F. station in Germany. Sellers, a twenty year-old second class aircraftman, stuck a false moustache firmly to his lip, slipped a flight-lieutenant's insignia on the epaulettes of his battledress and spent a democratic evening in the sergeants' mess. He passed himself off as the concert party's welfare officer, did a few extra turns for the sergeants, gracefully accepted the mess president's thanks "for mixing with us, sir," and left happy in the knowledge that his party would be a hundred miles away next day.

Another time, in Ceylon, he greyed his hair, put on a grey moustache, and mingled with senior officers for a Christmas drink. "Luckily they were all pretty drunk," he says.

The success of these escapades gave him enough confidence later to put over a piece of trickery that jerked up his sagging career. He was at the Windmill Theatre and growing tired of waiting for the result of a B.B.C. audition.

He telephoned Roy Speer, the producer of a programme for newcomers to radio called *Showtime*, imitating Kenneth Horne's voice. Sellers took a chance that Speer would know Horne well, a chance he knew had come off when Speer said, "Hallo, Ken, what can I do for you?" Sellers said that he ought not to miss seeing a young man named Sellers and giving him a chance. Speer said he would make a note of it, and Sellers thanked him in his own voice.

Speer asked "What is this?" and Sellers explained. Speer said, "You're a cheeky young

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Sellers, his wife, Anne, and their two and a half year old son Michael. They have a Siamese kitten and two terriers

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible] PETTS

A secret society . . . talk of revolt. Trouble was brewing on the island—and Tulbach Browne knew how to start it

Crump pointed to the fish he had drawn in the sand. David saw surprise in the men's eyes, but Umtwelo was calm. "I know no fish," he said unblinkingly.

UNSETTLED days had come to Pharamaul, an island off the coast of Africa. Dinamaula, hereditary chieftain of the Maula tribe, was back in the colony—back to take over the chair of rule from the tribal regents. Things *could* go wrong. . . .

Andrew Macmillan, the resident commissioner in Gamate, a town two hundred miles north of Port Victoria, the capital, hoped Dinamaula's accession would be peaceful. But his young Irish police captain, Keith Crump, was prepared for trouble.

He said as much while showing David Bracken, a new member of the governor's staff, around Gamate. The Maulas, he said, were generally cheerful and friendly, but—"Sometimes they change horribly. There's no warning at all. One day they're good, next day they're murdering, looting savages."

And there were men on the island who hoped for the worst. Tulbach Browne, trouble-hunting reporter of the *Daily Flash*, was one of these. Already he had created plenty of trouble with a story on the young chief's ambitions.

Crump pointed out to David the men to watch. They saw two as they passed through the town in the police jeep—under a thorn tree the gross third regent of the Maulas, a man named Puero, was deep in conversation with Dinamaula's shifty cousin, Zuva Katsaula.

"Zuva's got a lot of gangster pals down in Port Victoria," Crump said. "He and Puero were bound to get together sooner or later. They're cooking something up . . . Things are quiet just now—maybe too quiet. Perhaps it's time for a row. . . ."

PART TWO

The Sign Of The Fish

THE bar of the Gamate Hotel was a plain, square room, sparsely furnished with wickerwork tables and chairs, and having a long open counter at one end; the "gang" who were in full possession were alike in many things—in dress, in thirst, in tenor of conversation.

David Bracken, entering with Captain Crump, recognised the Forsdicks sitting at one end of the long bar—she grim, he flushed and talkative. Standing next to them was Llewellyn, the Welsh agricultural officer, with his diminutive wife, and two girls in nurses' uniforms, and a huge blond man introduced as Oosthuizen—the only white farmer in the district.

"What's he like?" asked David when Oosthuizen had moved away. "As an employer, I mean."

"First class," answered Crump, "though you mightn't think it, to hear him talk. He employs about five hundred natives, all told—it's a very big farm. He looks after them well, houses them properly, gives them plots of land to farm on their own account. His wife doctors them, and keeps an eye on the women and the kids. It's like a big, spread-out family. It's the South African pattern, really."

"Is it?" asked David surprised.

"Oh, yes! You don't want to believe all you read in the newspapers. . . . I expect there are some bad farms in South Africa, but there are some damned good ones as well."

A very pretty dark girl appeared suddenly at Crump's side, and squeezed his arm. Crump exclaimed "Molly, darling!" and introduced her as his wife. In a drab and dusty town, among tired, run-of-the-mill women, she glowed like a candlelight at dusk. David thought suddenly of Nicole, and decided he would ask her to marry him as soon as he got back to Port Victoria. Even making allowances for the half dozen beers he had drunk, it still seemed a wonderful idea . . .

Later David met other members of the white population of Gamate, including Father Schwemmer, the missionary. Father Schwemmer was weeding his garden when David called on him. He was a small man, not young, of brisk yet gentle manner, his hair was close-cropped, on the Teuton model, his rusty-brown cassock much in need of repair.

His choice of words as well as his accent, as they talked on the shaded steps of the mission house, proclaimed that English was not his mother tongue.

"Naturally I am German," he said, with curious formality. "This is a German teaching order. Its foundation was in Strasborg, many hundreds of years ago—but the mission itself was established here in the year 1782."

"You must have some interesting records," said David. "Was it your order which brought Christianity to Pharamaul?"

Father Schwemmer shook his head. "I wish I could say that this was so, but it would not be true. It is also a very curious story. You do not know this country, Mr. Bracken—but you have seen maps?"

"Yes," answered David.

"To the north of here," Father Schwemmer pointed towards the U-Maula hills, "lies Shebiya. That is the other capital, the home of the exiles. Near it, on the coast, is a place marked Fish Village."

"Yes," said David again. "I remember."

"When the first missionary of our order arrived in Gamate, and then travelled to Shebiya, he found traces of Christianity there already. There was a kind of race memory of Christian teaching. This was in 1782, as I have said. But already there was a tradition handed down, a tradition going back into the very mists of time, the story of a saviour who was the son of a virgin, and who was crucified, and whose followers were later persecuted for their faith. There was even something more. There was the fish, the fish that gave the village its name."

"I don't understand," said David.

"That first missionary attended one of their meetings"—he smiled—"their *nearly* Christian meetings. He found that one of their special rituals was to draw the outline of a fish in the sand, and then rub it out quickly. But that was not a new ritual, that was how the very early Christians—in the first and second century, fifteen hundred years before our missionary was born—used to recognize each other secretly. They would stand in the market place and draw the outline of a fish with their foot, so." Father Schwemmer drew a fish with the toe of his cracked boot. "They would do it as if idly, and then rub it out." His foot moved forward, and the sand was smooth again. "That was

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"Don't you ever get lonely?" David asked Cynthia Ronald. She smiled: "Now and again"

Beatrice Dawson designs anything for the film star from armour to underwear

Dressing for the part

by DAVID MILLWOOD

One afternoon a few years ago, a dark-haired Englishwoman named Beatrice Dawson rushed into a store in Barcelona and asked for 150 men's shirts of assorted sizes. She paid cash, loaded the shirts into the back of her car and drove to a village twenty miles away where the church bell was tolling—at her request—to bring the men in from the fields.

When all the men were gathered in the village square, the priest issued a proclamation. The English film company, which had been working in the district the past few weeks, was leaving the next day and needed the men's shirts

"For every old shirt they offer a new one—new shirts for old!"

The men began pulling their shirts off their backs. They passed them to the priest, who passed them to Miss Dawson, who passed out new shirts from the boxes in her car

"I was as pleased with the swop as they were," she recalls. "The director had announced that morning that certain crowd scenes would be shot in the studio after all. As costume designer, I was faced with duplicating the multi-coloured, patched and tattered shirts worn by the local extras in location shots. It would have been almost impossible to do it successfully."

Miss Dawson gets down to work. "Film directors," she says, "always ask the impossible and want it now: don't argue"

Marilyn Monroe approved the costumes and the underwear which Beatrice Dawson designed and fitted for *The Sleeping Prince*

Costume designing for the film industry often calls for quick thinking and prompt action. A talent for on-the-spot improvisation has helped to put Beatrice Dawson, at forty-six, among the top names in her profession

Last year the director of *Dance, Little Lady* was about to shoot a ballet scene when Ma. Zetterling asked: "Where is my veil?" Miss Dawson hustled one of the corps de ballet behind some scenery, cut out a long strip of net from the back of her costume, "where it would not show," and returned to the set with the star s missing "veil "

A few months later, on location in the Libyan desert with another film unit, the director complained that the clothes worn by an Arab actor were too "cityfied " He wanted the actor to look like a tribesman from the middle Sahara After puzzling over the problem a few minutes Miss Dawson went to work on the original costume. She altered the shape of the long, flowing robe, turned the waistcoat inside out, made the headdress into a cummerbund and liberally applied dirt to all the material. The director was delighted at the transformation

"I don't pretend that it was one hundred per cent accurate," she says. "I simply used my imagination. The director had no more idea than I had of what a Bedouin from the middle Sahara really wears.

"Directors always ask the impossible and they always want it now. The thing to remember is: don't argue or complain that they are unreasonable, but go away and think up something—anything—to keep the cameras rolling The worst crime you can commit on a film set is to hold up shooting "

By learning to adapt her flair for designing clothes to the strictly commercial demands of the film industry, Miss Dawson, a shrewd free-lance, now earns up to £2,000 plus expenses for four or five months' film work A tribute to her prestige came earlier this year when Sir Laurence

Designers often improvise. The lace trimming for this dress, worn by Jean Summons, was bought at a street stall

In 1934 Miss Dawson made buttons for the Duchess of Kent. When war broke out, she ran a Make Do and Mend counter

Jean Kent enjoys being dressed for *The Sleeping Prince*. Three hundred straw hats were bought for one of the scenes

Olivier chose her to design the costumes for Marilyn Monroe and the female cast of his new production, *The Sleeping Prince*. Other stars she has designed for include Ava Gardner, Jean Simmons, Vivien Leigh, Mai Zetterling, Yolande Donlan and Joan Greenwood.

Her reputation is mainly for period costumes, but Miss Dawson is also an expert on current fashions, and today combines her profitable screen and stage work with a well-paid sideline as fashion consultant to Marks and Spencers.

Although designing only the women's clothes for *The Sleeping Prince*, she is usually responsible for the full wardrobe. For *The Black Knight* two years ago, the wardrobe included 250 suits of armour, some of metal, some of rubber, and "chain mail" made of crocheted string painted silver. The rubber suits, which were used only for the long shots to give the actors greater freedom of movement, each consisted of twenty pieces. The moulds were made from plaster casts and strapped together with leather thongs.

The battle scenes for this film were shot in Spain. Actors and technicians sweltered in a temperature of ninety-five degrees. "My assistant, five dressers and I were kept working at high pressure to transform the Spanish military policemen playing medieval soldiers from King Arthur's men to King Mark's men and then into Saracens. The battles went on for days. We lost pounds in weight.

"At the end of each day's filming, the armour was dented and battered. Luckily, I found a Spanish blacksmith who agreed to work on it all night to get it back into shape for filming the next morning."

A last-minute change in the shooting schedule, a new scene written into the script or new characters added usually provide headaches for the costume designer. A few weeks ago Beatrice Dawson asked her assistant, Doris Lee, to report with two hired helpers at her workroom in two hours' time for a rush job. Then she toured the London shops and bought three hundred women's straw hats, half with large brims and half with large crowns, hundreds of artificial flowers and miles of coloured ribbon.

The four women, sustained by black coffee and records of Spanish flamenco music, worked into the early hours of the morning, joining the hats of one type to hats of the other type and adding decorations. When Miss Dawson arrived at the studio at 7.30 a.m. her car contained more than a hundred large-brimmed, large-crowned hats for a 1911 Coronation scene in *The Sleeping Prince*.

Although she is always on hand during the filming, most of her work is done before it begins. After reading the script and consulting with the director, she begins research in libraries, picture galleries and at the Museum of Costume at Bridge Castle in Sussex, where she turns the genuine dresses of the period inside out to discover how they are made.

If research draws a blank, or a special effect is needed, she relies on her own skill and ingenuity. To make Ava Gardner look like a column of marble for a scene in *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman*, she sprayed the material of the star's dress with hot wax, and when the wax cracked, applied paint to the cracks.

EVEN though only part of a dress may be seen on the screen, Miss Dawson has learned to have all dresses completely in period, back and front, from top to bottom. Once, assured that nothing would be seen below the waist, she concentrated on the design of the elaborate bodices of some mid-nineteenth century dresses and ignored the skirts, leaving them almost completely plain.

"I was horrified when the scene was changed on the set from a close-up of the actresses seated to a medium shot of them standing. Fortunately, nobody seemed to notice anything wrong."

The film in which the dresses appeared was *Pickwick Papers*. For her work as its costume designer Beatrice Dawson was nominated for an Academy award.

She prefers the cast to wear the underclothes of the period also. When she flew to Hollywood in June to show Marilyn Monroe the sketches for her dresses in *The Sleeping Prince*, she also took a pair of white frilly skirt-knickers made in 1910. Miss Monroe approved the sketches and the underwear.

"Before I start to sketch any designs," says Miss Dawson, "I try to 'see' the principals against their surroundings among the other characters. Colour films present extra problems. In *The Sleeping Prince*, for example, there is a lavish ball scene. The thought of hundreds of couples in colourful costumes was a nightmare until a bunch of roses gave me an idea to make the colours harmonize—by limiting them to rose, cream and shades of pink."

Her headquarters are in a small overcrowded workroom in an exotically decorated London flat full of Victorian bric-à-brac. She shares it with her two cats. Here Miss Dawson does her sketching and her occasional dressmaking.

She also has an office in the Baker Street headquarters of Marks and Spencers, but a lot of her work for the firm is done abroad. After visiting fashion shows and examining goods on sale on the Continent she reports back on what she has seen, advises on fashion trends, consults with buyers, and sometimes tests customers' reactions from behind the counter.

The cousin of the Earl of Gainsborough and the Marchioness of Bute, Beatrice Dawson is the daughter of a professional soldier. Born at Lincoln, she went to various schools in London, Paris, Rome and Geneva, but did not take kindly to academic learning. "I ran away from three schools. The only subject that interested me was art."

At eighteen, while she was still a student at the Slade School of Art in London, she earned £100 by designing and making jewellery for a stage play. Renting a house in Shepherd Market, Mayfair, she began making handbags, belts and accessories, and soon became well known in the world of fashion for her "novelty" jewellery—necklaces made of glass bubbles filled with water and floating charms, others fashioned from lumps of green glass, pebbles and macaroni.

Soon she was employing a staff of 120 and running two factories. When Princess Marina, now the Duchess of Kent, was married in 1934, she asked Beatrice Dawson to make the buttons for her trousseau.

"I seemed to be doing wonderfully well, but I didn't know much about business. In 1938 I went bust, and took a job in a Bond Street shop."

During the war she ran a "Make Do and Mend" counter in an Oxford Street store. Her first chance in films came in 1944, when she was commissioned to make elaborate jewellery for the huge cast of *Caesar And Cleopatra*. Two years later, Brian Desmond Hurst made her costume designer for *The Mark Of Cain*.

After twelve years in show business, Miss Dawson has developed a simple technique with film stars whose ideas of dress conflict with her own. "I tell them what is suitable for the period. If they disagree I give them their own way. For one thing, it keeps them happy. For another thing, in films it is more important to the star, and all her fans, that she looks glamorous than that her clothes are historically accurate."

A few months ago a fellow designer complimented her on the *barracan* that Anna Maria Sandri wore in *The Black Tent*—a long, enveloping robe with a turquoise-blue stripe pattern and a blue-and-pink fringe.

Miss Dawson accepted the compliment with a smile, recalling her long search for the elaborately decorated material in the street markets of Tripoli one scorching hot day last summer. The search ended at a blanket-seller's stall.

The *barracan* was run up in less than an hour from four Arab blankets. THE END

Childre

Till I was a grown man, I could never see precisely what was supposed to be exaggerated in the plots of people like Dickens. To this day I can still read about some mysterious street urchin who is brought up to poverty and vice by a ragpicker and who turns out to be the missing heir to an earldom, and see nothing peculiar about it. To me it all seems the most natural thing in the world. By natural I mean, of course, something I have been through myself.

Having always been Mother's pet, I was comparatively grown up when the truth about who I really was broke on me first. In fact, I was already at work as a messenger boy on the railway. Up to that moment, I had played with the idea as I played with a score of other ideas but suddenly, almost in a day, every other possibility dropped away, and I knew I had nothing whatever in common with the two commonplace creatures with whom my fate had become so strangely linked.

It wasn't their poverty only that shocked me, though that was bad enough, or the tiny terrace house we lived in, with its twelve-foot square of garden in front, its crumbling stumps of gateposts, and low wall that had lost its railing. It was their utter commonness, their squabbles about money, their low friends and fatuous conversations. You could see that no breath of fineness had ever touched them. They seemed like people who had been crippled from birth and never known what it was to walk or run or dance.

Though I might be—for the moment at least—only a messenger, I had long spells when by some sort of instinct I knew who I really was and could stand aside and watch myself coming up the road after my day's work with relaxed and measured steps, turning my head slowly to greet some neighbour and raising my cap with a grace and charm that came of centuries of breeding. Not only could I see myself like that there were even times when I could hear an interior voice that preceded and dictated each movement as if it were a fragment of a story book—"He raised his cap gracefully while his face broke into a thoughtful smile."

And then, as I turned the corner, I would see Father at the gate, in his house clothes—ragged trousers and vest, an old cap that came down over his eyes, and boots cut into something that resembled sandals and that he insisted on calling his "slippers." Father was a creature of habit. No sooner was he out of his working clothes than he was peppering for his evening paper and if the newsboy was five minutes late, Father muttered, "I don't know what's coming over that boy at all," and drifted down to the main road to listen for him.

We lived in the Barrack quarter of Cork, in a square that had not been taken over by the city council and was as uneven as the day the builders left it. It was not really a square but only two terraces of houses facing each other across a patch of waste ground. The remaining

It was embarrassing meeting Nancy, my first love. "I hear you and May Dwyer are very great these days," she said

JOHN BULL presents a complete detachable do-it-yourself Supplement

Practical ideas for WARMTH AND COMFORT IN YOUR HOME

It is possible to be warmer and yet save on fuel bills. But no amount of stoking up fires will help if windows and doors let unnecessary draughts into the house

EFFECTIVE ways of home improvement are within the reach of everyone. Included in this Supplement are numerous ideas for lighting and comfort. All of them are practical, all of them are easy to do

Equally important and simple are the suggestions for winter warmth. Much of the heat-loss in the average home is due to unnecessary draughts, which can waste nearly 3s. of every pound spent on heating

The locations of some draughts are only too apparent. Others can be traced by running a lighted match, taper or cigarette round doors, windows, skirtings and floorboards, watching for tell-tale flickers

Front and back doors are usually bad offenders and need to be weather-stripped. Thin metal strip, cut with scissors and secured in place with a hammer and tacks, is perhaps the most satisfactory material for the job. It does not perish

On particularly cold or windy days, draughts contrive to get round even the best-made doors and windows, so a further worthwhile treatment for exterior woodwork is to repair cracks or gaps with putty, plastic wood or sealing compound

Where inside doors are concerned, those of the hall, kitchen and living room deserve priority for draught-exclusion on the grounds that they are near outside doors or control comfort during the family's moments of relaxation. Tack rubber strip, costing about 3d. a foot, round the top and outside edge of each door.

Upstairs, the same technique is recommended for the doors of bathrooms and other rooms where windows are left open for long periods.

A home-made draught-excluder for fixing along the bottom of a door is explained in this Supplement. Alternatively there are, of course, several types of patent excluders with bars which are automatically raised and lowered by the door being opened and shut. Screw the excluder in position while the door is shut and allow the bar to rest lightly on the floor or floor covering.

Such devices soon put an end to under-door draughts, but the real cause of low-level gusts is often an open grate.

Air which a fire needs can travel *under* a floor Drill a hole in front of each side of the fireplace and screw a special ready-made cover over it. The cover, which resembles a ship's ventilator in miniature, can be closed when not in use.

A more drastic, but undoubtedly more economical solution to the problem is to change to a different system of heating. Experiments have shown that an open grate of the kind found in nine out of ten British living-rooms is among the most extravagant heaters ever devised. The steady, rapid rush of air up the chimney robs the room of three-quarters of the warmth produced.

Details of the installation of two types of fire with far higher efficiencies are given in this Supplement. The first is an electric panel fire which fits across the fireplace and entirely blocks the escape of air up the chimney, the second is a convector stove. The stove permits very little warmed air to go to waste. It offers the same cheerful blaze of an open grate, keeps in dutifully overnight, and burns less fuel.

Altogether, draughts and air-flows up chimneys accounts for one-third of the heat-loss in the ordinary home. The remaining two-thirds is through floors, walls, windows, ceiling, or loft

An inexpensive way of thwarting draughts which come up through small cracks between floorboards is to seal the cracks with filler. Tear newspaper into shreds and pulp it with water until it reaches the consistency of thick porridge. Add one ounce of size to each pint of the pulp. Stir the mixture thoroughly and press it into the cracks with the blade of a knife. When dry, the filler can be glasspapered, planed, painted or stained like wood

If a floor persists in being cold as well as draughty, lay a foundation for warmer living by means of fibre building board. It makes a good underlay for carpets or linoleum

THE insulation of existing walls is frequently difficult and beyond the scope of the handyman, but today it is a straightforward matter to halve the heat-loss through windows by double-glazing. Ready-made plastic framing, bought in long strips, can be fitted round sheets of glass and clipped over the panes.

Undoubtedly, though, the most effective single method of conserving heat is to insulate the loft. There are three insulating materials—blanket, loose fill and aluminium foil—which are lightweight, fire-proof, rot-proof and do not attract vermin. Whichever one of them is chosen, general rules apply to laying it. Make sure that the packages of material are small enough to go through the trapdoor of the loft; put a plank across the joists to stand on; arrange the insulation over cold water pipes if possible, and place it round and over, but not under, the cistern.

The average cost of the techniques illustrated overleaf is £8. For this sum greater warmth throughout the entire house can be achieved

BRIGHT IDEAS for

Go aloft to keep in the heat

HALF the heat which is normally wasted through the roof of a house can be saved by insulating the loft. The first, and perhaps simplest, type of insulating material to lay is a blanket of glass or mineral wool. The cost for a loft of average size varies between about £5 10s. and £10, according to the brand used.

If the blanket is bought in rolls 2 ft. wide lay them across the joists allowing a slight sag (1) so that the positions of the joists remain visible and overlap the edges of the strips by 3 in. Alternatively (2), it is possible to buy rolls narrow enough to be laid between the joists.

A second type of insulating material is a loose filling (3) of mineral wool (£5 5s.–£6 for an average loft), glass wool (£9–£9 6s.) or vermiculite (£7–£11 10s.). This is ideal for lofts with awkward corners or unevenly-spaced joists.

Fill in between the joists to a depth of 2 in. using a board cut as shown (4) to get an even distribution of uniform depth.

The main advantage of the third material, aluminium foil, is its lack of bulk. Two kinds are available. One kind is supplied in rolls and consists of a combined flat and corrugated sheet only ¼ in. thick. If it is laid across joists (5), use it in a 2-ft. width and staple or nail it to the tops of the joists, allowing the edges to overlap. If laid between the joists (6), it should fit snugly. In either case, the flat sheet must be uppermost.

The other method of insulation with aluminium is to use two separate flat sheets (7). Lay one sheet, slightly crumpled, between the joists. Drape the second one across the joists and nail it down, so that it sags a little. The most efficient foil for the top layer is supplied in rolls 24 in. wide and consists of two sheets of aluminium sandwiching a sheet of paper.

TROPICAL AQUARIUM

Materials.—Ready-made angle-iron frame (24 in. × 12 in. × 12 in. is an ideal size). Panels of ¼ in. rough-cast glass for the bottom, sides and back. Panels of clear glass for front and top. Glazing compound. Small tin of gloss paint. Methylated spirits. Aquarium gravel to cover bottom of tank to depth of about 1 in. Small rocks and stones. 100-watt immersion heater. Thermostat. Thermometer. Fish and underwater plants.

As a precaution before buying the glass, check all the inside measurements of the frame. If they vary by even a fraction of an inch, the sizes of the panels must be adjusted accordingly.

Room must be left for the ⅛ in. of glazing compound which will come between the edges of the panels and the frame. Also, the height of the side panels is influenced by the fact that, in addition to being edged with compound, they rest on the top of the bottom panel. Their width is influenced by their coming between the back and front panels.

The top panel must be just large enough to rest across the top of the tank and prevent the fish from jumping up and coming in contact with the lamp above, yet allowing an air gap of at least 2 in. at each end.

Clean the frame with a wire brush and emery paper, and paint over its whole surface. When the paint has dried, spread glazing compound, ¼ in. thick, round the inside bottom of the frame. Place the bottom of the tank in position and press it down so that the glazing compound is squeezed to a thickness of ⅛ in. Glaze the rest of the frame, fixing the panels in this order: back, front and sides.

Trim off any surplus glazing compound with a knife, and give the frame a second coat of paint. Remove any fingerprints from the glass with a clean cloth soaked in methylated spirits.

Place the tank on its permanent stand, which must be a strong one, and fill it with water to within ½ in. of the top. There will be small leaks, so place a towel under the stand to catch them. Leave for forty-eight hours, by which time the glazing compound will expand and the leaks disappear.

Setting up the Tank.—Thoroughly wash the gravel with clean water. Empty the tank by siphoning out the water so as not to disturb the joints of the glass. Spread the gravel on the bottom to a depth of 1 in. Scrub the rocks and stones—which can be of any kind except chalk or cement—and arrange them inside the tank. Wire the heater and thermostat together, according to the makers' instructions. Place the heater on the gravel in the centre and the thermostat in a back corner.

Fill the tank with water heated to 75 degrees Fahrenheit. To avoid disturbing the gravel, stand a jam-jar on a saucer in the middle of the tank, and pour the water into the jam-jar.

Arrange the plants on the bed of the tank. Easily kept varieties are *Vallisneria*, both straight and spiral kinds, varieties of *Sagittaria*, *Cabomba*, *Ambulia*, or *Cryptocoryne*. Place the thermometer in a front corner. Switch on the immersion heater and leave for twenty-four hours to allow the water to reach a steady 75 degrees.

Lay a sheet of newspaper 12 in. × 6 in. flat on the surface of the water and draw it across the tank to remove any scum. Place the cover glass on top of the tank. Lighting for the plants should be arranged over the tank. A clear 60-watt bulb, wired with the heater and thermostat, and allowed to burn for eight hours a day, should be sufficient.

Choosing the Fish.—The tank is now ready to receive the fish. Livebearers, small barbs, characins and catfish are among the easiest fish to keep. Do not overcrowd the tank. Start with a few pairs only.

Feed the fish once a day with a proprietary brand of fish-food. Once a

Four famous stars help to brighten your home

ALMA COGAN MAKES A HIT WITH A RECORD SHELF

WHEN Alma Cogan, the singer, relaxes between her stage, radio and TV appearances, she sits by the living-room fire in her London flat and listens to gramophone records of classical music.

Recesses on either side of the fireplace gave her an idea for storing the records, and for displaying her collection of china figures of musicians. "I decided to put three built-in shelves in each recess," she says.

The shelves are of planed deal, half an inch thick, and five feet long, and supported between uprights. All of them are wider than normal shelves and will take ten- or twelve-inch discs. Racks are formed by dowel rods inserted vertically between the top and second shelves. The rods and shelves are painted a glossy white to match the rest of the room.

The top shelves, which are covered with long sheets of plate glass with bevelled edges, are only thirty inches above the floor and have the desired effect of making the recesses seem wider.

THE LAMP SHINES GREEN FOR BRENDA AND ROY

BRENDA BRUCE, the actress, and her famous husband Roy Rich have added a warm touch of lighting to their London flat with an unusual, outsize table lamp in green glass.

The base, two feet high, was made by Roy Rich from an old acid carboy which he bought in a Kennington junk shop for eight shillings.

Since it was to go in a permanent position close to a lighting point and there was no danger that the flex would get in anyone's way and receive an accidental tug, he saved himself the trouble of drilling a hole through the glass by using a special lampholder which fitted into a cork, two inches wide, in the carboy's neck.

He inserted the flex through the side of the holder, and, to make the flex secure, used strips of transparent adhesive tape to fasten it down the side of the carboy which was out of sight.

His choice of shade was a "coolie hat," twelve inches tall and twenty-seven inches across the base, woven in white wicker. "It casts a pleasant lattice of shadows on the wall," says his wife.

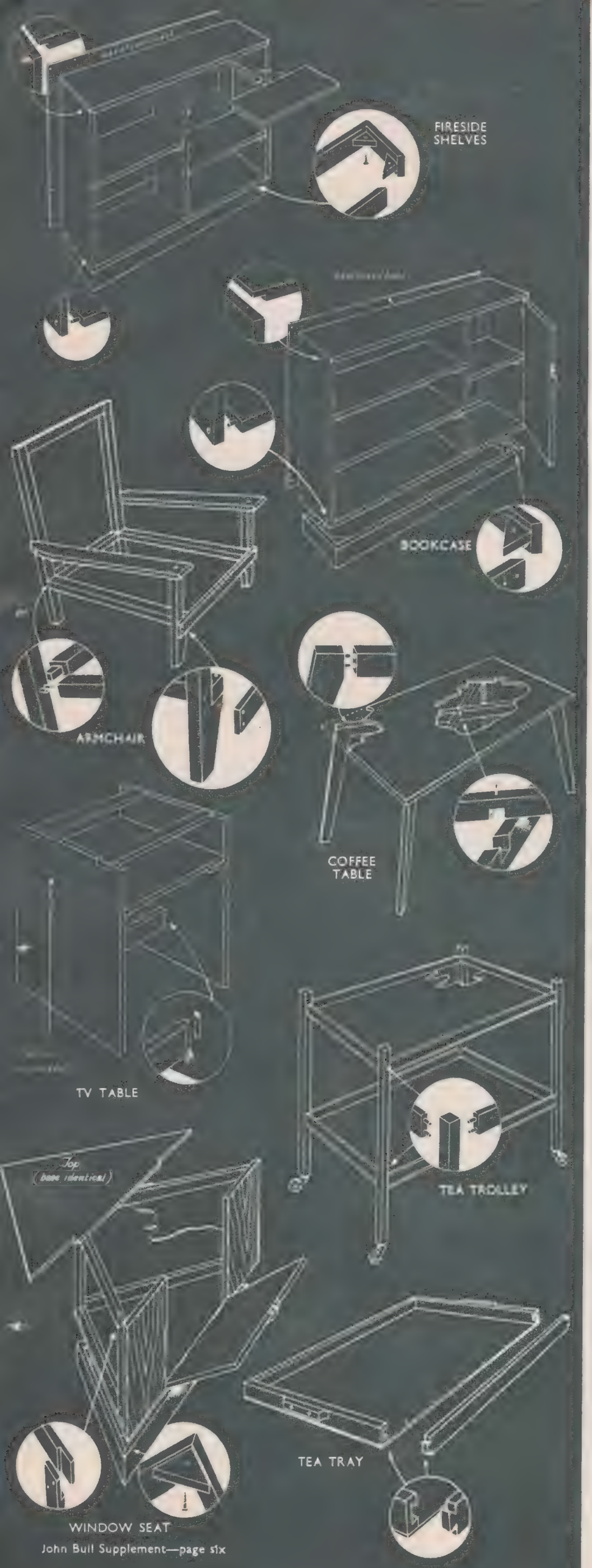
A BARREL-LOAD OF LOGS AT KAY'S FIRESIDE

TELEVISION and radio pianist Kay Cavendish likes to burn logs in her eighteenth-century Sussex cottage. Her problem was to find a holder for them near the fireplace. Normal coal buckets were too small.

"The answer was to use an empty fruit barrel from a greengrocer," she says. The one which she bought for a few pence was twenty-eight inches high and ringed with wooden hoops.

She smoothed it with glasspaper and painted the bark-covered hoops with transparent varnish to make them a glossy brown. Then the exposed staves were coated with adhesive and covered with strips of pale green linen. After the fabric had been pressed out and the adhesive was dry, surplus ends were trimmed off with a knife.

For further decoration, gold braid was tacked below the top and second hoops, and above the third hoop. Lastly, another piece of linen, embroidered with the word LOGS and neatly edged with braid, was glued on to conceal the join between the ends of the middle panel.



EASY-TO-BUILD

FIRESIDE SHELVES

For the frame and shelving: Top, 36 × 8 × ⅝; bottom, 34¼ × 8 × ⅝; two sides, each 29 11/16 × 8 × ⅝; partition, 28¾ × 8 × ⅝; three shelves, each 17 1/16 × 8 × ⅝; eight battens, each 8 × 1 × 1.

For the plinth: 2 lengths, each 35 × 3 × 1; 2 lengths, each 7½ × 3 × 1.

For the back: Hardboard panel, 36 × 30.

For the assembly: 24 ⅝-in. No. 4 screws; 46 1¼-in. No. 4 screws; 10 in. of ⅜-in. dowel rod.

Prepare dowel joints for joining the sides to the bottom of the frame.

Prepare six shelf battens by cutting like a wedge the ends which will come at the front of the shelves and drilling countersunk holes through the batten from top to bottom, each hole 2 in. from one end. Screw the battens to the partition and sides of the frame, countersinking the screwheads.

Assemble the frame, fixing the top across the sides with 1¼-in. screws. Secure the partition to the top and bottom with 1¼-in. screws inserted through holes made in the other two battens. Fix the shelves in position with 1¼-in. screws inserted from the undersides of the battens.

After ensuring that the frame is square by checking that the pairs of outside, opposite corners are the same distance from each other, fix on the hardboard backing with ⅝-in. screws.

Assemble the plinth with mitred joints reinforced with triangular blocks screwed into the internal angles, and secure the plinth to the underside of the bottom of the frame by passing 1¼-in. screws up through the blocks. The bottom of the frame should protrude over the plinth by ¼ in. at the front and back, and by ½ in. at the sides.

BOOKCASE

For the frame and shelving: Top, 42 × 8 × ⅝; bottom, 40¾ × 8 × ⅝; two sides, each 26 11/16 × 8 × ⅝; two bookshelves, each 28⅛ × 8 × ⅝; cupboard partition, 25¾ × 8 × ⅝; cupboard shelf, 12 × 6 × ⅝; six battens, each 8 × 1 × 1; two battens, each 6 × 1 × 1.

For the cupboard door: Blockboard panel (veneered if desired), 25¾ × 12 × ¼; 2 2-in. brass butt hinges and screws; handle; ¼-in. ball catch.

For the back: Hardboard, 42 × 27.

For the plinth: 2 lengths, each 41 × 3 × 1; 2 lengths, each 7½ × 3 × 1.

For the assembly: 24 ⅝-in. No. 4 screws; 46 1¼-in. No. 4 screws; 10 in. of ⅜-in. dowel rod.

The method of assembly is the same as for the shelves for a fireside recess, except that the battens are screwed to the partition and sides in the positions illustrated and there is a door to be fitted with hinges to one of the sides.

ARMCHAIR

For the back: (beech or oak): 2 uprights, each 31½ × 2 × 1; top rail, 18½ × 2 × 1; bottom rail, 16½ × 2 × 1; hardboard panel, 24½ × 19½.

For the sides: (beech or oak); 2 arms, each 30 × 3 × 1; 2 side rails, each 26 × 2 × 2.

For the front: (beech or oak): 2 legs, each 22 × 2½ × 1; front rail, 21½ × 2 × 1.

For the seat: 2 sheets of foam rubber cushioning, each 19½ in. at the front, 17½ in. at the rear and 22½ in. long; 11 tension springs, each 17½ in. long.

For the assembly: 22 1-in. round-headed screws; 18 1-in. panel pins; 6 1½-in. No. 8 screws; 8 2-in. No. 8 screws; 8 in. of ⅜-in. dowel rod.

Make the back frame, using mortise and tenon joints. The shoulders of the tenons have to be cut at an angle which allows for the taper of the frame from the top to the bottom.

Mark out the sides of the frame for mortises cut at the same angles as the tenons. Next work out the angle at which the bottoms of the back legs must be sawn to allow for the tapering of the frame.

Assemble the frame with glue, testing that the frame is square by standing it on a flat, level surface. Leave it overnight for the glue to dry. Then cut and fix the hardboard panel over the front of the back frame with panel pins. Cut the front legs to the shape shown and taper the rear 6 in. of each arm to a width of 1½ in. Join the side rails to the back frame with dowel joints.

Place the front end of each side rail into the recess cut in the front leg and fix with 2-in. screws countersunk to a depth of ¼ in. Use 1½-in. screws to fix the front rail into position so that it covers the front ends of the side rails.

Secure each arm to the top of its supporting front leg with a 1½-in. screw countersunk flush with the surface of the arm. Fasten the rear of each arm to the side of the back frame with 2-in. screws, also countersunk flush.

Use 1-in. round-headed screws to fit the tension springs across the seat from side rail to side rail at 2-in. intervals. Smooth the woodwork with glasspaper, and stain and polish. Complete the chair by covering the rubber cushions with fabric. Sew tapes to the upright cushion to tie it to the back frame.

COFFEE TABLE

For the legs and under-rails (preferably oak, mahogany or walnut): 4 pieces, each 15 in. × 2 in. × 1 in. (legs); 2 pieces, each 26 in. × 2 × 1 (under-rails).

For the top: Panel of ⅝-in. plywood or blockboard veneered in the same wood as the legs, 30 × 14.

For the assembly: Five 2-in. No. 6 screws (brass if for use with oak); dowel rods.

At the centre of each under-rail cut a recess, as shown, one inch deep and one inch wide. The recesses must be at such an angle that when the rails are joined together they will lie centrally along the diagonals of the underside of the table top.

Then cut and plane the legs to the shape shown. Prepare the dowel joints at the top of each leg and at the end of each under-rail. Assemble the legs and rails, and fix the centre joint of the rails with glue and a 2-in. screw.

When the glue has set, screw the rails to the underside of the top so that the top overlaps round them. In order to let the 2-in. screws grip the top, countersink the screwheads to a depth of half the thickness of the top.

TV TABLE

Materials: 2 sides, each 18 × 20 × ¾; shelf, 18 × 19 × ¾; rail, 18 × 2 × 1; 2 cross-battens, each 18 × 2 × 1; 2 shelf battens, each 16 × 1 × 1; top, 18 × 18 × ¾; 30 1¼-in. No. 6 screws.

Cut ¾-in. tenons on both ends of the rail to fit into a mortise ⅛ in. wide and 2 in. high, centrally placed 6 in. above the floor edge of each side. Cut out the mortises completely through the thicknesses of the sides and make sure that the tenons fit them securely without protruding on the outer edges of the sides.

To support the shelf, screw a batten across the inside surface of each side, 6 in. from the top edge and parallel with it. Keep one end of the batten flush with the rear edge of the side panel, so that there is a gap of 2 in. between the other end of the batten and the front edge of the side panel.

Cut two recesses in the top edge of each side to take the cross-battens. Each recess is 2 in. long × 1 in. deep, and 2 in. from the nearest side edge. To assemble the table, glue the rail into position and screw the cross-battens into place. Upturn the table and pass

A COSIER HOME

Easy-to-make ideas for winter warmth and all-the-year-round comfort in every home

THIS composite picture is packed with practical ideas for warmth and comfort in your home. The construction or installation of all of them is fully explained on adjoining pages.

Easy-to-follow, step by step instructions are given for fixing in the panel fire and building the foam rubber armchair, bookcases and attractive coffee table.

There are complete details for making the soft woollen rug, and every accessory for an enjoyable evening's television—a table to carry the set at the correct height for viewing, a trolley and tray for a meal, and a plinth which illuminates a vase of flowers to create the ideal background lighting.

Further suggestions for your housewarming include a brightly lit tropical aquarium, useful and decorative basketware, a Chianti bottle lamp and shade, a spotlight to focus interest on a potted plant, and the ingenious use of fluorescent tubes to shed an inviting glow down the curtains.

John Lawrence

CHARM and COMFORT

month, siphon excess much from the bottom of the tank, and top up the level of the water.

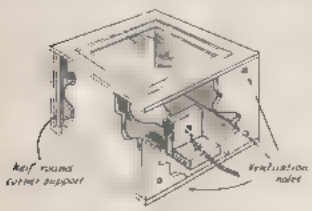
ILLUMINATED PLINTH

Materials.—Plywood sheet 2 ft. 1½ in. × 2 ft. × ¾ in, cut as shown to make top and bottom, each 12 in. × 12 in. Front and back, each 12 in. × 6 in. Two sides, each 11¼ in. × 6 in. Two strips, each 9¼ in. × 1½ in. Four 6 in. lengths of 2 in. diameter quarter-round moulding. Piece of softwood, 4 in. × 3 in. × 1 in. Piece of softwood, 3 in. × 2½ in. × 1 in. Panel of frosted glass, 8 in. × 8 in. Batten-type lamp holder 25-watt clear bulb. Flex and plug for fitting in lighting point.

This plinth is a simple and effective way of lighting a vase of flowers and providing background illumination for watching TV.

Drill ¾ in. ventilation holes in the back panel, the lower three holes being 1 in. above the bottom edge of the panel, and assemble the back, front and side panels with glue and 1-in. panel pins at the corners. Strengthen the inner corners by gluing the quarter-round moulding into them.

Glue and nail the larger piece of softwood to a 3-in. edge of the smaller piece, forming an L-shaped support, 4 in. high, for the lamp holder. Drill



a ¾ in. hole through the upright piece, centrally, 1½ in. from the top, and push enough flex through it for the flex to be fixed to the holder. Screw the holder over the hole, and staple the flex to the top of the base of the support.

Thread the rest of the flex through the lower central ventilation hole, passing it from the inside of the plinth to the outside. Place the support on the bottom of the plinth, centrally against the back panel. Secure the base with ¾-in. screws.

Cut a square 8 in. × 8 in. out of the middle of the top, leaving a frame 2 in. wide. Cut two strips, each 7 in. × 1½ in., out of the square and glue and screw the strips to the underside of the top to support the glass. Paint the inside of the plinth with heat-resisting white paint to increase the light reflection.

Glue and nail on the top. Fill in cracks with filler. Smooth with glasspaper, and paint or stain the plinth.

Glue squares of felt under the bottom corners to prevent the plinth scratching furniture. Place the bulb in the holder and lay the glass, smooth side up, in the recess in the top.

ELECTRIC PANEL FIRE

There are now fires, sold complete with surrounding panels which a handyman can use with safety for quickly converting coal fireplaces to electric heating. Bought to size, each panel fits over the fireplace opening. A weighted back holds it in position.

Take out the existing fire bars. Then prevent heated air from going up the chimney by blocking the chimney with a piece of thin asbestos cement sheeting. Edge it with fire cement or fire putty and wedge it in place. Insert the panel fire into the fireplace and plug the flex into a three-pin power point.

The fitting can, if necessary, be removed in a few moments.

CONVECTOR FIRE

A solid fuel convector fire is far more efficient than an ordinary open fire. It puts an end to back-chilling draughts by retaining heat which normally goes up the chimney.

There are several types which the handyman can install. They will stand in any fireplace.

Remove the existing fire bars and stand the convector fire—a large metal box—in their place. Manufacturers supply special expanding metal plates which control the amount of air going up the chimney.

Some fires are sold complete with patent fastening bolts which only need to be dropped into ¼-in. holes drilled in the fireplace and tightened. Other fires require the insertion of screws into holes packed with a ready-made cement and asbestos plugging compound. If the fire has to be sealed round the edges of the fireplace, clean away all surrounding soot and apply fire cement or fire putty to ensure an effective joint.

RADIATOR SHELF

The construction of a radiator shelf, which prevents heat marks from spoiling the wall, is different from that of ordinary shelves. Allowance has to be made for the expansion and contraction of the timber.

Use dry, well-seasoned wood 1 in. thick which is wide enough to cover the thickness of the radiator and long enough to overlap it by 6 in. at each end. Give a rounded finish to the two front corners with a plane and glasspaper.

Cut three battens, each 1 in. shorter than the width of the shelf, from 1½ in. by 1 in. wood, and two battens of the same length from 3 in. by 1 in. wood. Curve the front ends of the battens to make them less conspicuous when the shelf is up.

Then draw a dividing line down the length of each 3-in. wide batten and screw a bracket along one of the halves thus marked so that when the bracket has been fixed to the wall to support the shelf, screws can be inserted up through the other half into the shelf above. There must be a gap of ¼ in. between the wall and the battens; also, the holes drilled for the screws going into the shelf must be double the normal size, taking the form of oval slots parallel with the batten sides.

Drill similar oval holes along the 1½ in.-wide battens and screw those battens across the underside of the shelf, equidistant from each other and the bracket-battens, and ¼ in. in from the wall edge of the shelf. They will prevent the shelf from curling.

Using screws and wooden plugs let into holes in the wall, fix the brackets, complete with battens, to the wall to place the shelf about 6 in. above the radiator. Screw the bracket-battens to the shelf.

Polish the shelf and paint it with a heat-resisting paint. When heat-shrinkage causes a gap between the wall and the back of the shelf unscrew the screws joining the bracket-battens to the shelf, re-set the shelf and re-tighten the screws.

PATTERNED RUG

Materials. Check canvas 27 in. × 57 in., 8 lb. of 6-ply rug wool cut into 2½-in. lengths, consisting of 5 lb. tan (for background), 2 lb. light blue-grey (large design), 8 oz. dark blue-grey (shading), and 4 oz. black and 3 oz. white (for lines). Latch hook, rug needle, reel of strong tan cotton thread, crayons in same colours as wools.

Preparing canvas. Turn back 1½ in. at each end and tack with thread. On the canvas crayon the design illustrated on the centre pages.

Using a rug knot, knot every hole from left to right across the canvas, following the outlined design.

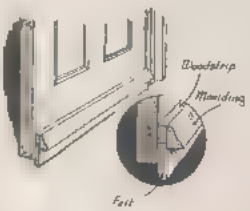
Finishing the rug. Overstitch short ends of the canvas with matching coloured wool, and bind the selvedged edges. Trim long ends in the pile, and rub over with a damp cloth.

Kill that draught for good

TIGHT-FITTING DOORS

Rubber strip bought from ironmongers is a cheap means of checking draughts round interior doors. It costs about threepence a foot. Nail it round the top and outside edge of each door, the domed side of the strip facing the direction in which the door opens.

If the gap at the top of a door is too wide for the draught to be excluded with rubber strip, saw and plane a builder's lath to fill the gap. Glue and nail it in position. Fill in any cracks with filler, smooth them with glasspaper and paint or stain the lath the same as the rest of the door.

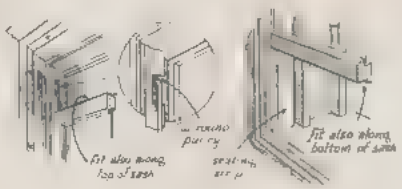


Make a draught excluder for the bottom of a door out of felt and wood. Shut the door and glue a strip of thick felt along the bottom of the door, the lower edge of the felt touching the floor or floor covering. Glue a strip of wooden moulding, the same thickness as the felt, along on top of the felt. Then finish off by nailing curved moulding over the join between the narrow moulding and the felt. Fill in any cracks in the wood. Smooth with glasspaper and paint or stain the wood the same as the rest of the door.

Front and back doors are frequently sources of powerful draughts which chill the whole house. Nail metal draught excluder strip round the frames only, placing the raised side of the strip ¼ in. from the door jambs. Costing just over five shillings for a 10-ft. coil, complete with nails, the strip is made of thin bronze and can be cut with household scissors. It is weather-proof, non-perishable and does not corrode.

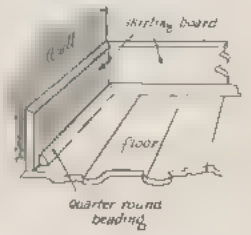
WINDOWS

Nail metal draught excluder strip round the frames of casement windows. Cut it to fit round the pulleys of sash windows. Also, nail it along the top of each upper sash and along the bottom of each lower sash.



SKIRTINGS

A simple way of stopping draughts coming in between floorboards and skirtings is to nail strips of quarter-round moulding to the floor, close to the skirting boards. Mitre the corners of the moulding at angles of forty-five degrees. Fill in any cracks with filler. Smooth with glasspaper and paint or stain the same as the skirting boards.



FLOORS

Floorboard gaps of ¼ in. and wider can be sealed by planing builder's laths to wedge-shapes and hammering them into the gaps. If necessary, finish off by planing the tops level with the boards. Underfloor ventilation helps to preserve floorboards, so on no account should ground-level ventilators be blocked when dealing with draughts coming up through floors.

Another John Bull supplement next week: practical furnishing and decorating

FURNITURE FOR MODERN COMFORT

screws through the undersides of the cross-battens to secure the table top, countersinking the screwheads for ½ in. to give the screws a firm grip in the table top.

Secure the shelf to the battens with screws inserted from beneath the battens. Countersink the screwheads for ½ in.

TEA TROLLEY

For the legs: 4 lengths, each 30 × 1½ × 1½.

For the rails: 4 lengths, each 20½ × 1 × ½; 4 lengths, each 14½ × 1 × ½.

For the shelves: 2 plywood panels, each 24 × 18.

For the assembly: 4 2-in. trolley wheels, bought complete with fittings and screws, 30 ½-in. No. 4 screws.

Place the legs close together side by side so that when dowel holes are marked on the first leg, a check can be made that the dowel holes in the other legs will be at exactly the same height. Mark the dowel positions on the rails in a similar way.

Assemble the end rails and adjoining legs first, glueing the joints and leaving them overnight to set. Then fit and glue the side rails into position, standing the frame on a flat, level surface to make sure that the frame is square. Cut a 1½-in. square from each corner of the plywood shelves to enable them to fit under the rails and round the legs. Fix the shelves to the undersides of the rails with glue and ½-in. screws.

To fit each of the wheels, upturn the trolley and drill into the bottom of the leg to a depth slightly more than the length of the shank of the castor and slightly wider than the "grip neck" socket which houses the shank.

Hammer the socket into the leg and secure it with the screws provided. Push the shank of the castor into the socket.

WINDOW SEAT

For the back frames (softwood) 2 lengths, each 29 × 2 × 1; 2 lengths, each 30 × 2 × 1; 4 lengths, each 12 × 2 × 1.

For the plinth (softwood) 1 length, 29 × 3 × 1; 1 length 28 × 3 × 1; 1 length 42 × 3 × 1.

For the top and bottom (blockboard) 1 panel, 30 × 30 × ¾.

For the back (hardboard) 2 panels, each 29 × 12.

For the front (veneered plywood) 2 panels, each 10 × 13½ × ¼; door, 22½ × 12 × ¼.

For the assembly. Two 2-in. brass butt hinges; 1 ¾-in. ball catch; Kapok for upholstering seat; 1 sq. yd. hessian; 1 sq. yd. upholstering fabric; 3 yd. braid trimming; 36 1-in. panel pins, 36 ½-in. No. 6 screws, 6 1½-in. No. 6 screws; 4 1¼-in. No. 6 screws; 6 in. of ½-in. dowel rod.

Make the back frames with a halving joint at each corner, secured with panel pins. Cover the outsides of the frames with hardboard panels, using panel pins.

To join the frames together, place them in a V-shape with the 30-in. long frame overlapping by the thickness of the other frame. Screw them together with 1¼-in. screws.

Make the top and bottom of the seat from the one large blockboard panel by cutting it diagonally into halves.

Cut a recess, 10 in. long and ½ in. deep, at each end of the forward edges of the top and bottom. Then screw the top and bottom to the frames with ½-in. screws.

Glue and screw the two panels of veneered plywood at each end of the front of the frame, fitting them into the recesses in the forward edges of the top and bottom.

Cut recesses for the hinges in the top forward edge of the bottom. Make similar recesses in the bottom inside face of the door and fit the hinges with ¼-in. screws. After fixing on the door and checking that it shuts properly, fit the ball catch to the top edge of the door and to the bottom edge of the top of the frame.

Make the plinth, using mitre joints reinforced with triangular blocks screwed into the internal angles. Although both ends of each back piece of the plinth have to be mitred at angles of 45 degrees, the ends of the front piece are left untouched. Secure the plinth to the underside of the bottom by passing 1½-in. screws up through the blocks at the corners.

To upholster the seat, spread the kapok evenly over the top to a thickness of about 2 in., cover it with hessian and pin the hessian tightly round the edges of the seat. Cover the hessian with fabric again pinning down the edges, but finish off by tacking braid trimming over the edges.

TEA TRAY

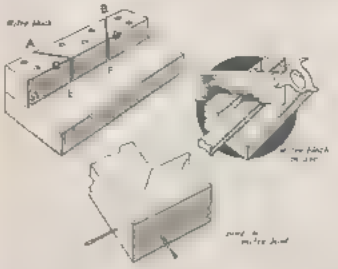
Materials. 2 ends, each 12 × 1 × ½; 2 sides, each 18 × 1 × ½; 2 handles, each 5 × ½ × ½; 1 plywood panel, 18 × 12 × ¼; 18 ½-in. No. 4 screws, 4 1½-in. No. 4 screws.

Cut the ends of the sides to make dovetail joints ½ in. wide at each corner of the tray.

Then, using two 1½-in. screws, secure each handle to its end piece, as shown, counterboring the screwheads for neatness. Shape the ends of the handle with a chisel.

Assemble the sides and ends by glueing the dovetail joints. Fix the bottom to the underside of the frame with ½-in. screws.

Joints with the expert touch—a step-by-step guide



A MITRE JOINT. The making of a mitre joint can be simplified by constructing a mitre block.

Place a piece of wood 12 in. × 2 in. × 1½ in. lengthwise on top of another piece 12 in. × 4 in. × 1 in. so that the end view of the two pieces is L-shaped. Insert 2½-in. screws through the top piece, 1½ in. from each end, to fix it to the bottom piece. Add three further screws, spaced 2½ in. apart in a triangular pattern around the centre-point of the top piece. Mark points A and B, each 2½ in. from each top rear corner of the top piece, and points C and D, each 4½ in. from each other top corner. Draw lines between A and C, and B and D, and saw down them, keeping the saw blade absolutely vertical as far as the bottom points E and F. The portion of the top piece between the cuts is firmly secured in place by the triangle of screws in its centre.

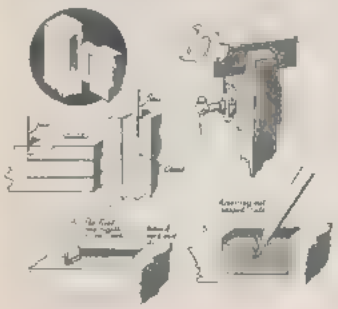
The block is now ready for use. To make a mitre joint at an angle of 45 degrees, place one of the pieces of wood to be joined on the bottom piece of the block, so that the point where the inner part of the corner is to come is pressed against the edge CE. Start to saw the wood, keeping the end of the blade in the adjoining cut through the top piece for guidance.

Place the other piece of wood on the block so that the point where the inner part of the corner is to come is against the edge DF, with the saw again following the adjoining cut through the top piece.

Fix the joint with glue and secure it with panel pins driven in from each side of the corner, punched home and their holes filled in with plastic wood.

A MORTISE AND TENON JOINT. Mark out the tenon, the width of which should be about one-third the thickness of the wood on which it is made, and the length of which must be at least ¼ in. less than the thickness of the wood into which it will be inserted.

Place the piece of wood in a vice and saw down the cheeks of the tenon. Then lay the piece horizontally and saw off the tenon's shoulders.



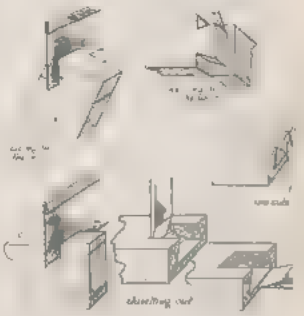
Mark out the mortise, which will have a depth equal to the length of the tenon. Start to chisel out the mortise by cutting it to a depth of about ¼ in., but leave about one-sixteenth of an inch of the mortise untouched at each end. Next, make a V-shaped cut in the middle of the mortise, reaching down to its full depth. Continue cutting, working outwards from each side of the V-cut and levering the waste towards the centre each time. Do not lever the chisel towards the ends of the mortise, or the end edges will be damaged.

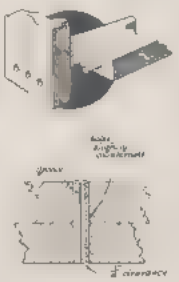
Finally, make firm vertical cuts to remove the one-sixteenth remaining at each end of the mortise.

When making a mortise which penetrates right through a piece of wood, mark out both the opposing faces. After cutting half-way through on one side, reverse the wood and finish off by cutting through from the other side. Fix a mortise and tenon together with glue.

A DOVETAIL JOINT consists of a fan-shaped projection like a dove's tail which fits into a socket. Mark out the "tail" so that the angle of the slope towards the end of the tail is about eight degrees on both sides. Cut out the tail by placing the wood in a vice and using a fine-toothed saw.

Then mark the shape of the socket on the other piece of wood by placing the tail on the place where the open end of the socket will come. Complete the marking of the socket and start the cutting out of it with a saw. Remove the rest of the socket with a chisel. Fix the tail into the socket with glue.



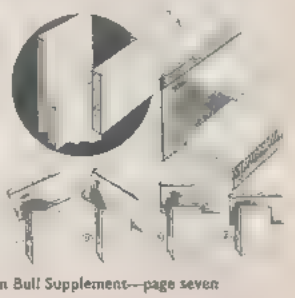


A DOWELLED JOINT consists of one or more short lengths of dowelling—wooden rods of ½ in. upwards in diameter—which penetrate into both the pieces of wood being joined together.

To ensure that holes for dowel rods will be exactly opposite each other drive small pins into one piece of wood to mark the centres of the holes. Leave about ½ in. of the pins projecting. Press the joint together, causing the pins to mark the centres of the opposite holes. Separate the pieces and drill the holes to the same diameter as the rods and make each hole the same depth.

Each rod will be twice this depth, less one-sixteenth of an inch. Slightly countersink the holes and saw a narrow groove down the length of each rod before glueing it and inserting it into its hole in one of the pieces. Glue the opposite ends of the rods before tapping the second piece on top of them to assemble the joint.

A HALVING JOINT between two pieces of wood of equal dimensions is made by marking the end of each piece, and then cutting out a step which is half the thickness of the piece and the same length as the width of the piece to which it will be fitted. Secure each piece vertically in a vice and saw down the length of the step. Then remove from the vice and saw down the thickness of the step. Fix the joint with glue, screws or nails.



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n of grace

by FRANK O'CONNOR

Sooner or later the truth would come out. I wasn't really the son of this poor home, a boy to be shunned. But Nancy should have understood all along

two sides of the square were provided by the houses on the farther side of two roadways

When the newsboy did at last appear, Father would grab the paper from his hand and almost run home putting on his spectacles awkwardly as he ran and triumphantly surveying the promised treats of the headlines. When he got to our house, he would stride through the little hallway, which was always steaming with damp, past the parlour where nobody ever sat, and into the kitchen

And suddenly everything would go black on me, and I would take the chair by the open back door while Father, reading by the window, uttered little exclamations of joy or rage and Mother asked anxiously how I had got on during the day. Most of the time I could reply only in monosyllables

How could I tell her that nothing happened at work that wasn't as common as the things that happened at home?—nothing except those moments of blinding illumination when I was alone in the station yard on a spring morning, with sunlight striking the cliffs above the tunnel, and, picking my way between the rails and the trucks, I realized that it was not for long that I was a duke or an earl in disguise, and that I had only to be discovered for everything to fall into its true place

Illumination came only when I had escaped. Most often it came when I crossed the yard on my way from work and dawdled in the passenger station before the bookstall, or looked at a passenger train going out and realized that one day it would take me to my true home and patrimony

This gloomy withdrawal used to make Father mad. He was a talkative man and every little incident of his day turned into narrative and drama for him. He seemed for ever to be meeting old comrades of his army days whom he hadn't seen for fifteen years, and astounding changes had always taken place in them in the meantime. When one of his old friends called, or even when the woman from across the square dropped in for a cup of tea, he would drop everything, even his newspaper, to talk

His corner by the window leaving him no room for drama, he would stamp about the tiny kitchen as he talked, pausing at the back door to glance up at the sky or by the other door to look through the little hallway and see who was passing outside in the street. It irritated him when I got up in the middle of all this, took my cap, and quietly went out. It irritated him still more if I read while he and the others talked, or, when some question was addressed to me, put down my book and gazed at him blankly.

He was so coarse in grain that he regarded it as insolence. He had no experience of dukes, and he had never heard that interior voice that dictated my movements and words. "Slowly the old lowered the book in which he had been immersed and gazed wonderingly at the man who called himself his father."

One evening I was coming home from work when a girl spoke to me. She was a girl named Nancy Harding, whose elder brother I knew slightly. I had never spoken to her—indeed, there weren't many girls I did speak to. I was too conscious of the fact that though my jacket was good enough, my trousers were an old blue pair of Father's cut down and with a big patch in the seat. But Nancy, emerging from a house near the quarry, hailed me just as if we were old friends and walked with me up the road. She was eager and inconsequent, and her chatter bewildered and charmed me.

"I was down getting the answers for my homework," she explained. "I can't do bloomin' sums. Where were you?"

"Oh, I was at work," I answered.

"Work!" she said in astonishment. "Till this hour?"

"Eight to seven," I said modestly.

"But aren't they terrible hours?" she exclaimed.

"Ah, I'm only filling in time," I explained lightly. "I don't expect to be there long."

This was prophetic, because I was sacked a couple of months later, but at the time I just wanted to make it clear that if there was any exploitation it was I and not the railway company that was doing it. We walked slowly, and she stood under the gas lamp at the end of our square with me.

It was funny how, darkness or day, people always stood under gas lamps. They were our playrooms when we were kids, our clubs when we became older. Then I heard these words running through my head. "Pleased with his quiet conversation and well bred voice, she wondered if he could really be the son of the Delaneys at all." Up to this, the voice had paid no attention to other people, I longed to repeat the experience.

We met like that a couple of times when I was coming home from work. I was not observant, and it wasn't until years after that it struck me she had been waiting for me always at the same house at the same time. And one evening when we were standing under our old gas lamp I talked enthusiastically about some book, and she wanted to borrow it from me.

"I'll bring it with me tomorrow," I said.

"Ah, come on and get it now," she said coaxingly, and I glanced over my shoulder and saw Father at the gate, his head cocked, listening for the newsboy. I felt suddenly sick, but I knew of no way to get out of my dilemma, and we walked up the little uneven square together.

"This is Nancy Harding, Dad," I said apologetically. "I just want to get a book for her."

"Oh come in, girl, come in," he said, smiling amiably, and we all went into the house. "Sit down, can't you, while you're waiting," he said. Father's sociability almost caused him to forget the newsboy. "Min," he called to Mother, "You keep an eye on the paper."

As I searched in the front room for the book, which in my desperation I could not find, I heard Mother go out for the paper, and Father chattering away like mad to Nancy, and when I went into the kitchen there he was in his old chair, the paper neglected on the table beside him, telling an endless, pointless story about old times in the neighbourhood. If there was one of Father's favourite subjects I could not stand, it was the still wilder and more sordid life people had lived in this part of Cork when he was growing up. He was so pleased with her attention that he was dramatizing even more than usual, and I stood silent in the kitchen door with a dual air of scorn for several minutes before he even noticed me. As I saw Nancy to the road, I felt humiliated to the depths of my being.

I noticed again that our gate was only a pair of brick stumps from which the cement had all fallen away, and that the square was full of washing. There were two washerwomen in the terrace, each with a line of her own.

But that wasn't the worst. One evening when I came home, Mother said joyously, "Oh, your dad ran into that nice little Harding girl on the way from work."

"Did he?" I asked indifferently, though feeling that I had been kicked hard in the stomach.

"Oh, my goodness!" Father said, lowering his paper for a moment and crowing. "The way that one talks! Spatter, spatter, spatter! Oh by the way, her Aunt Lil used to be a great friend of your mother's at one time. I thought there was something familiar about the face."

"I'd never have recognized it," Mother said. "Her aunt was such a quiet little woman."

"Oho, there's nothing quiet about that piece," Father said, but he did not sound disapproving. Father liked young people who had something to say for themselves—unlike me.

It was bad enough not seeing Nancy myself, but to have her meet Father like that, in his working clothes coming from the manure factory down the Glen, and hear him, no doubt, talking in his ignorant way about me, was too much. I could not help contrasting Father with Mr Harding, whom I used to see occasionally coming from work and whom I looked at with a respect that bordered on reverence. He was a small man, always very neatly dressed and he usually carried his newspaper rolled up like a baton, and sometimes he hit his thigh with it as he strode briskly home.

One evening when I glanced shyly at him, he nodded in his brusque way. Everything about

Continued on page 38

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Power for sale

by REX GRIZELL

Geoffrey Jones tours the world seeking new uses for his petrol engines. Now they go to rickshaw boys—and even circus monkeys

In the factory's museum, Jones (left) shows a student a forty-year-old engine. It was bought back from a knife-grinder who wanted it repaired

Villiers began by making bicycle pedals. Today they power almost everything—from mowers to motor-scooters and Minicars—in 153 countries

RETURNING from a recent weekend visit to Holland, where he solved a problem for a Dutch motor-cycle manufacturer, Geoffrey Jones, sales director of a Wolverhampton engineering company, found two urgent orders on his desk.

Before leaving for a sales promotion trip to Belgium and Scandinavia, he dealt with the first order—for engines to power rock drills for use sixteen thousand feet up in the Andes, where workmen are building the world's highest road.

The second order caused him more worry. A South African firm wanted an engine weighing not more than eight pounds which would develop two and a half horsepower while carried upside down in a knapsack on a man's back. It also had to be inaudible from a hundred yards in still air.

"That one foxed us," says Jones, a brisk six-footer in his fifties with blue eyes and prematurely white hair. At that time our lightest engine was an eighteen pounder which developed only three-quarter horse power. I had to admit we could not do it." After that, a lighter, more powerful engine was designed.

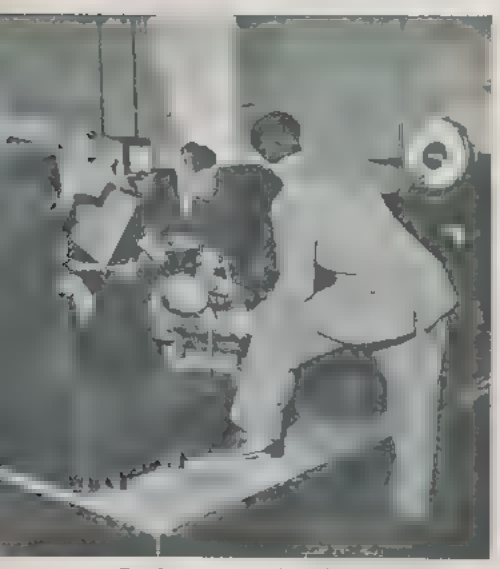
His firm, Villiers, specializes in small multi-purpose petrol engines. More than two million have been sold since 1911. The factory now makes fifteen hundred every day with a gross annual value of £5 million, and exports to 153 different countries. Seventy-five per cent of all British motor-cycles under 250 c.c. and eighty per cent of engine-driven grass-cutting machines in Britain are powered by Villiers engines.

As a sideline the firm is the largest maker in the world of bicycle freewheels. It has made 50 million and is still making fifteen thousand a day. In addition to the headquarters at Wolverhampton, factories in France, Spain and Australia are producing the engines. The firm began in 1898 making bicycle pedals.

Jones travels thousands of miles in frequent journeys, breaking into new markets, finding new uses for his engines—in Norway recently experiments were conducted with a traction sledge powered by two of his firm's engines—and offering technical advice to old customers.

"A new application for our engines is found every month," says Jones. Lighting for an

A motor-cycle with a Villiers engine takes a hill during a trial. For publicity, Jones once rode up Snowdon



Rigid tests are made before anything leaves the works. When he found a faulty crankshaft Jones stopped output everywhere for two days

Power units are assembled for grass cutters and bicycles. Villiers engines also help to milk cows, pluck chickens and kill locusts

operating theatre in a remote South Sea island is supplied from a generator driven by a Villiers engine. In the Far East rickshaws are no longer pulled by rickshaw boys; they are power-driven. "In the first of these models the driver sat behind the passenger, and it was not unknown for the passenger to be coshed," says Jones. Passengers now ride at the back.

Last year an Oxford University expedition to the edge of the Arctic ice cap used one of the engines to drive a generator to supply power for electro-thermal drills. Members of the expedition also found it very useful "for drying clothes, warming hands and melting snow."

When the Wolverhampton service department received a call from a village storekeeper in the mountain district of North Wales, engineers thought he was exaggerating the urgency of the situation until he told them that his electric light, the refrigerator, the bacon slicer, a wood chopping machine and the television set would all be out of use until his engine had been repaired.

Not long ago an angry farmer reported that the engine which drove his milking machine kept breaking down. His cows were unsettled by the chopping and changing from hand milking to machine and back again, and the milk yield was falling. "The farmer had boxed in the engine for the sake of neatness," says Jones. "It was breathing its own exhaust and this, with excessive moisture created inside it, caused it to fail."

Milking machines, elevators, sheep shearers, chain saws, pumps, hoists, poultry plucking machines, vibrating steamrollers, endless-chain ferries and spray guns which fire poison bait in the path of swarming locusts are among the dozens of agricultural, building and industrial machines for which the firm supplies engines.

Recent unusual applications include a machine used in cold countries to suck rain water off aerodrome runways before it creates a dangerous hazard by freezing into ice patches, motor-cycles for Wall of Death riders, a special motor-cycle to be ridden by two monkeys in a circus, and miniature double-decker buses for a children's playground at Brighton. For a film made on location in the Valley of a Thousand Hills outside Durban, two engines pumped two million gallons of drinking water to the set.

Villiers produce almost everything required for their engines in their own workshops, beginning from the raw materials. They melt down the metals in furnaces built by themselves, make their own castings, do the machining, and make magnetos, carburettors, ignition coils and even screws.

Rigid standards were adopted after the firm had received thousands of complaints due to a faulty batch of magnet steel from which flywheel magnetos are made. The steel lost its magnetism, and engines which had been sent to all parts of the country gave trouble. A team of service engineers worked for several weeks changing magnets.

On another occasion a crankshaft broke on test. As soon as Jones heard of it he issued instructions which halted the whole factory within five minutes. Every engine in the course of assembly and every one finished and waiting in the stores was taken down and re-tested.

In his earlier years with the firm Jones frequently road-tested motor-cycles under all conditions at home and abroad. As a publicity stunt, he was one of the first men to ride a motor-cycle up Mount Snowdon.

A team of expert service engineers is always ready to deal with breakdowns. "A lot of our calls are quite unnecessary," says a senior service engineer. Jones once sent an engineer fifty miles to deal with a complaint that an engine would not start. The customer, a forester, had just received the engine back from servicing at the factory, and had forgotten how to start it. He was turning it in an anti-clockwise direction instead of clockwise.

One customer who saved the service men a journey was the driver of a battered old bull-nosed Morris which pulled up outside the Wolverhampton factory one afternoon last year. Fixed to the back of the car was a large knife-grinding machine powered by an ancient two-stroke engine.

The service engineer had never seen that model before and doubted whether any spare parts were available. Other experts were called and looked at the machine equally doubtfully. Soon the news of the old engine reached Jones, who came down to meet the knife-grinder. He recognized the engine as one of the first ever made by the firm, and judged it to be more than forty years old. Jones did a quick deal, secured the engine for the firm's museum, and sent the knife-grinder away bemused but contented with a brand-new engine.

At the Wolverhampton factory Jones maintains a training school at which A.A. and R.A.C. employees, motor-cyclists, club officials and small-engine enthusiasts from all over the world study these two- and four-stroke engines.

In spite of all their efforts there are still some of the old school of farm labourers who are baffled by the simplest machines, says Jones. Several engines are started in the same way as outboard motors. A rope is wound round a pulley on the flywheel and a strong pull starts the engine. Engineers fitted a weighty plastic ball to the pulling end of the rope to give a good grip. One man habitually wound the ball end of the rope on to the flywheel first and pulled the other end. Every time he did this the plastic ball came flying back and hit him.

"After a few weeks," says Jones, "he wrote to us saying that he had lost his front teeth and he thought it was time we invented a safer way of starting our engines." THE END

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Children of grace

Continued from page 33

him was brusque, keen, and soldierly, and when I saw that he recognized me, I swung into step beside him.

He was like a military procession with a brass band, the way that he always set the pace for anyone who accompanied him.

"Where are you working now?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, on the railway still," I said. "Just for a few months longer, anyway."

"And what are you doing there?"

"Oh, just helping in the office," I replied lightly.

I knew this was not exactly true, but I hated to tell anybody that I was only a messenger.

"I study in my spare time, of course," I added.

It was remarkable how the speeding up of my pace seemed to speed up my romancing as well. There was something breathless about the man that left me breathless, too.

"I thought of taking the Indian Civil Service exam, or something of the sort," I said. "There's no future in the railways."

"Isn't there?" he asked with some surprise.

"Not at all," I answered. "Another few years and it will all be trucks. I really only do it as a stopgap. I wouldn't like to take any permanent job unless I could travel. Outside Ireland, I mean. Languages are my major interest."

"Are they?" he asked with interest. "How many do you know?"

"Oh, only French and German at the moment—I mean, enough to get round with," I said, feeling that I wasn't making the right sort of impression. Perhaps to be a proper linguist you needed to know a dozen languages.

I mended my hand as best I could. "I'm going to do Italian and Spanish this winter, though, if I get time," I said. "You can't get anywhere in the modern world without Spanish. After English, it's the most spoken of them all."

"Go on!" he said.

I wasn't altogether pleased with the result of that conversation. The quick march had made me commit myself farther than I liked. All I really knew of foreign languages was a sort of strange dreamy pleasure in committing odd foreign words and phrases and scraps of poetry I had picked up to memory, like echoes of some dream of my lost fatherland.

Mr. Harding had three daughters, all well-educated. People were always being asked to his house, and I had been encouraging myself with the prospect of being asked there, too. But if I were invited now, it would be mainly because of my supposed knowledge of foreign languages, and when Nancy or one of her sisters burst into fluent French or German, my few poetic phrases would not be much help. I needed something more practical. I had an old French phrase book, which somebody had given me, and I determined to learn as much French as I could.

I worked hard at French, spurred on by an unexpected meeting with Nancy's eldest sister who suddenly stopped and spoke to me on the road. To my astonishment and relief, she spoke in English.

Then one evening when I was on my usual walk, which in those days nearly always brought me somewhere near Nancy's house, I ran into her going in, and we stood at the street corner near her home.

I was pleased with this, because her eldest sister came out soon afterward and said, "Why don't you grab the sofa?" which made Nancy blush, and then her father passed and waved his hand at us.

But my pleasure did not last long, because the sight of her own father reminded Nancy of mine. "I saw your father again the other day," she said, with a smile that hurt me.

"Did you?", I asked with a slight sniff. "What was he talking about? His soldiering days?"

"No," she said with interest. "Does he talk about them too?"

"Does he ever talk about anything else?" I replied wearily. "It seems to have been the only thing that ever happened to him."

"He seems to know a terrible lot," she said.

"He's managed to conceal it pretty well," I said. "The man is an out-and-out failure, and he's managed to turn Mother into one as well. I suppose she had any brains there were between them—which wasn't much, I'm afraid."

"Go on!" said Nancy with a bewildered air. "Then why did she marry him?"

"'Echo answers why,'" I said with a laugh at being able to get in a phrase that had delighted me in some storybook. "I suppose it was the usual thing." And when I saw her gaping at me in wonderment, I shrugged my shoulders and added, "Lust."

Nancy blushed again.

"Well," she said, making to go, "it's well to be you, knowing what's wrong with him. God alone knows what's wrong with mine."

I was sorry she had to go in such a hurry, but all the same I was pleased with the impression of culture and sophistication I had managed to convey, and I looked forward to showing off when I went to one of the Hardings' well-known Sunday-evening parties.

Nevertheless, it struck me that they were very slow about asking me, and my evening walks past their home took on a sort of stubborn defiance. It wasn't until weeks later that it dawned on me I was not being invited because nobody wanted me there. Nancy had seen my home and talked to my parents, her sister and her father had seen me, and all of them had seen my cut-down trousers with the patch on the seat. It mattered nothing to any of them that I spoke French and German like an angel, and that I was able to be sent off to India in the next few months. They did not think I was *class*.

Those were the bitterest weeks of my whole life. With a sort of despair, in the early winter evenings, I took my walk past their house but never saw anybody, and as I turned up the muddy lane behind it and heard the wind moaning in the branches, and then looked down across the sloping field to the house, nestling in the hollow with the light shining brilliantly in the kitchen, it seemed to be full of all the love and beauty I would never know.

Sometimes, leaning over the lane wall and watching it, it even seemed possible that I was not class, just as they thought. At other times, when I was walking home by myself, tired and dispirited, pride flared up angrily in me again, and I realized that when the truth about me came out, the Hardings would be the first to regret the superior way they had behaved.

At such times I always imagined myself making brilliant loveless matches and then revealing coldly to Nancy that I had never cared for anyone but herself.

At the lowest depth of my misery, I was introduced to a girl named May Dwyer, and somehow, from the first moment, there never was the least strain or fantasy between us. Fantasy and May would never have gone together.

She had a directness of approach that I had never met with before in a girl. The very first evening I saw her home, she asked me in to meet her parents.

This did scare me, I admit, but I promised to come in another night, and at once she told me what evenings she was free.

It was not forwardness or lightness in her; it was all part of that directness which made her immediately both a companion and a girl. I owe her a lot, for without her I might still be showing off my French and German to women who attract me.

Even when I did go in for a cup of tea, I wasn't unduly scared, after the first few minutes. Her father was a long, sad civil servant, and her mother a bright, direct little woman not unlike May herself, and the pair of them argued with him, no matter what he said.

This only made him hang his head lower, but suddenly, after I had been talking for a while, he began to argue with me about the state of the country. He caught me out on several points, and this cheered him up so much that he insisted on my having a drink with him.

By this time, of course, I was in my element; I always have liked a good argument.

"Cripes!" said May when I was leaving. "Do you ever stop once you start?"

"I like an intelligent talker," I said loftily.

"When you hear as much of my old fellow as I've heard, maybe you won't think he's so blooming intelligent," she said.

But she did not sound very indignant, and I had the impression that she was really quite pleased at having brought home a young fellow like myself who could entertain her father. It gave her the feeling that she was really all the time an intellectual, but had met the wrong sort of fellow up to now.

All the time that I was courting her we quarrelled like hell, but between her father and me it was a case of love at first sight.

Then one evening I ran into Nancy Harding, whom I had not seen for months. It was an embarrassing moment, because I realized at once that my fantasy had come true. If I had not actually made a brilliant match, I was still as good as caught, and yet she was my first and only love.

"I hear you and May Dwyer are very great these days," she said, and something in her tone struck me as peculiar.

"I've seen quite a lot of her," I admitted.

"You weren't long getting hooked," she said with a smile that somehow did not come off.

"I don't know about being hooked as you call it," I said, getting on my dignity. "She asked me to her house and I went. That's all."

"Oh, we know all about it," Nancy said, and this time there was no mistaking the malice in her tone. "You don't have to tell me anything. I know it all."

"There's nothing to tell," I said with a bland smile.

"And I suppose she talks French and German like a native," Nancy went on.

That reference to the falsehoods I had told did get home—and it hurt my pride.

"I don't honestly know what you're talking about, Nancy," I said in a complaining tone. "May asked me to her house and I went. If you'd asked me to your house, I'd have gone just the same way. That's all there is to it."

"Oh, is that all?" she asked in her commonest tone, and suddenly, to my astonishment, I saw there were tears in her eyes. "And if you had a house like mine, you'd be glad to ask people there, too, wouldn't you? And sisters like mine! And a father like mine! You can grouse about your own old fellow, but if you had one like mine you'd have something to talk about. Blooming old pig, wouldn't open his mouth to you! 'Tis easy for you to talk, Larry Delaney. Damn easy!"

And then she shot away from me to hide her tears, and I was left standing there on the pavement, stunned. Too stunned really to have done anything about it. It had all happened too suddenly, and required too vast and strange a readjustment of ideas for me to grasp it at all.

I was so astonished and upset that though I was to have met May that night I did not go. I went for a lonely walk by myself to think over what I should do.

In the end, of course, I did nothing, and it was not until years later that I even realized that the reason I had cared for Nancy was that she, like myself, was one of those outcasts of a lost fatherland who go through life living above and beyond themselves, like some image of man's original aspiration till they die. THE END

"You're so persuasive, my dear—if I ring my husband would you speak to him for me?"

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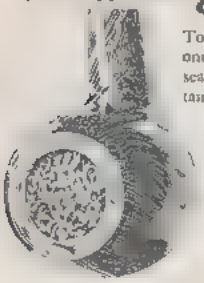

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The tribe that lost its head

Continued from page 21

their secret way of finding out if the man they spoke to was a Christian. They drew a fish, because the Greek word for fish was Ichthys, and the Greek letters of that word stand for Jesus Christ the Son of God.'

"It means," Father Schwemmer went on, "that perhaps in the first century after Christ, a wandering preacher, or an escaped slave, or a traveller who was a convert, or an apostle of whom we know nothing, was cast ashore near Shebiya. There he taught the natives what he knew of the life of Our Lord, and taught them also to draw a fish—the secret sign of hope and redemption. And so the place where he landed was called Fish Village. It is still called that, after nineteen hundred years, and they still draw the fish when they come to worship."

Silence fell between them. It was a good story, thought David, a story rounded and complete.

"You will visit that part of the country?" asked Father Schwemmer.

"Yes, the day after tomorrow. I'm driving up to Shebiya with Captain Crump."

"A fine man," commented Father Schwemmer.

There was another long pause.

"That was a wonderful story," said David. "I shall remember it."

It is stories like that," said Father Schwemmer, "that make one happy to be in Pharamaul. Though I cannot say that the fish they draw in Shebiya means the same now as the fish that I would draw. There they are very simple, very savage. Sometimes I wonder if I am teaching them something, or if they are teaching me something altogether different. . .

David's formal meeting with Dinamaula and the three regents was a constrained and queerly uneasy affair. By arrangement he met them in the schoolroom where the regents had welcomed Dinamaula on his first arrival. When he was led into the room he had the impression that they had been quarrelling, or at least discussing something which had left them totally divided in thought. Old Seralo, the senior regent, greeted him with quavering ceremonial. Katsaula, the man of ritual and history, used the single prescribed word. "*Anwilal*." Fat Puero smirked and held out his hand. Dinamaula, preoccupied and morose, said: "Nice to see you again, Mr Bracken," as one Oxford graduate to another.

The exchanges that followed were brief, pointed and unreal. Puero, the junior regent, with the air of a careless man who has nothing to lose, said: "How long will you be staying in Gamate, Mr Bracken?"

"I leave tomorrow," answered David. "I'm driving up to Shebiya with Captain Crump."

"Shebiya," said Seralo, and sighed.

"With Captain Crump," said Puero, faintly impudent.

"Mr Bracken," said Katsaula, "Shebiya is very different from Gamate. This is the capital of our country, and here we live quietly and work with government. In Shebiya it is different. There is a man there, Gotwela, an exile——"

"My cousin," said Seralo, sadly. "My own cousin."

"A man," continued Katsaula, "who does many strange things. He has the name of chief—chief of the U-Maulas. He is not a Maula," Katsaula's tone was hard and unforgiving. "He has forsaken the tribe. Here we obey the law, and remember our fathers. In Shebiya it is different."

"I am sure," said Puero, smooth and sarcastic, "that Mr Bracken knows all these things. He knows how we obey the law."

"We obey the law," repeated Seralo, almost automatically.

"Gotwela also obeys the law." Puero seemed to be speaking from some inner compulsion to provoke and sting. "Otherwise, of course, government would punish him."

David had a sudden impression that, of the four other men in the room, the two youngsters were laughing at him, and the two eldest were unfriendly or disapproving. It was a moment of some discomfort, with which he was scarcely equipped to deal. He was here to meet and to greet; not to take on a fresh set of problems at one stroke, problems whose outlines he could not yet comprehend.

"Of course I've read a little about the U-Maulas," he said, trying for stiffness in his voice. "And I want to see as much of the country as I can."

Silence fell. Dinamaula was looking out of the window, Puero whistling between his teeth. Presently Seralo coughed, and said: "Please take back our greeting to His Excellency the Governor."

"Our greetings and our loyalty," amended Katsaula.

"Certainly I will say. Dammit."

"Tell him that all is well with the tribe and with Gamate. Tell him that the harvest——"

Old gaffer," said Dinamaula, turning suddenly.

"Yes?"

Remember I am soon to be chief."

There was an embarrassed silence.

"Why do you say that?" asked Seralo at length, quavering.

Greetings we send," said Dinamaula. David suddenly noticed that he was speaking under great tension. "Messages about the tribe and the future should wait till later, till I am proclaimed as chief."

In the constrained silence that closed in again round the harsh words, David thought swiftly. Now it was clear that his arrival in the schoolroom had been preceded by some definitive family quarrel.

He stood up. "I have to go. I'm

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afraid," he said awkwardly. "I'm glad that we could meet. I'll be back in Gamate in about a week."

It was a feeble leave-taking with no grace and little merit to it. David's last impression was of Puero's eyes meeting his and of the other man's derisive contempt.

Behind his back, behind the closed door, furious voices rose as soon as he left the room . . .

Lastly, David talked with Andrew Macmillan and learned much from him.

"I had Dinamaula up here a couple of days ago," said Macmillan, after David had described the "family quarrel" in detail. "That was probably the start of it. I choked him off, gave him a real flea in his ear."

"Oh," said David, surprised. The crude schoolboyish phrases seemed somehow out of keeping with the job of resident commissioner. "Why was that? What happened?"

"London were steamed up about that newspaper interview, as you know. So I got him up here and told him we didn't like it. He started to argue the toss. Told me he'd say anything he liked, to any newspaperman he met." Macmillan grinned. "I hit the roof."

"But was the interview true?" asked David. "Did he say all those things?"

MACMILLAN said angrily. "That's the damned silly part of it. He didn't. He may have talked a bit about progress and development—no harm in that—but I'm convinced that he didn't say anything as definite or as tough as Tulbach Browne made out."

"How did he take it?"

"Turned sulky," said Macmillan. "Got up and left, in fact. I suppose he called the regents together and told them. That was what the row was about."

"But how?" asked David, puzzled. "Why should they disagree about it?"

Andrew Macmillan shifted his weight, relaxing more deeply in his chair. "It's a bit complicated," he said, "but not as complicated as all that. The regents are divided, two to one, on a great many things. Seralo and Katsaula are traditionalists. They want nothing changed. Puero is a progressive—and a prize bastard as well, though that's neither here nor there. But if Dinamaula came back and said that he'd been reprimanded by me, and explained why, the regents would take sides automatically. Seralo and Katsaula would be very shocked and tell Dinamaula he'd got what was coming to him. Puero would try to persuade him he was badly treated, and egg him on to do the same thing again, only more so. Then there's young Zuva——"

"Is he still here?"

"No, he's back in Port Victoria, chewing the rag with his gangster chums. At least that's what Keith Crump tells me." Macmillan paused before going on. "As I said, the two old boys are conservative. Puero is a radical. Dinamaula is half-way in between—at present. But Zuva is something else again. Maybe he doesn't know himself what he's playing with, but it's a damned dangerous movement that he's trying to get under way. He wants the black man in, and the white man out—*now*. . . . Perhaps the nearest thing to it would be to say that it's the Pharamaul version of Mau Mau."

As Macmillan finished speaking, David seemed to feel an uneasy breath of fear and evil. Mau Mau had never yet touched Pharamaul and had been stemmed, with killing and bitter hatred, in other parts of Africa. But the "Pharamaul version" could precipitate equal horror, equally murderous excess, equal reprisal. . . .

David turned to look at Andrew Macmillan: the older man was staring ahead of him, seeing many other things besides the garden and the fading sunset.

But suddenly he was smiling as well. "Let's have a drink, and then bed," he said. "You've got an early start tomorrow."

"I'm really looking forward to it." Macmillan nodded. "It's rough

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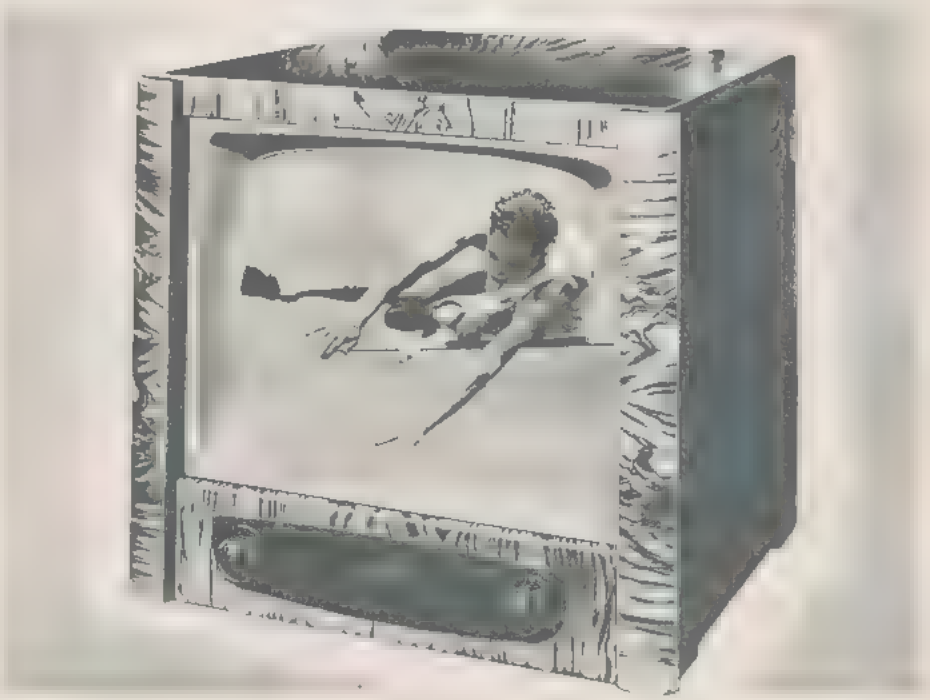

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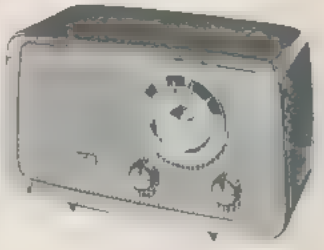

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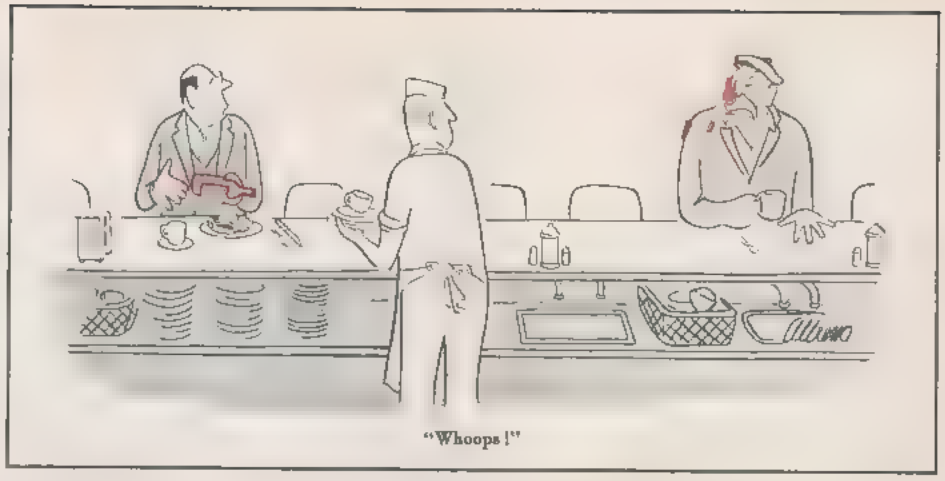

"Whoops!"

country. Some of it nearly jungle, in fact. Shebiya is like this," he waved his hand round, "but not so crowded, and a good deal less civilized. Gotwela, the chief, is a real ruffian. . . ."

He mused, his hands behind his head, as Johannes, who must have been listening at the screen door, shuffled in with the drinks-tray. "If Zuva," he went on, his voice distant and detached, "if Zuva really wants to start that bloody business, he won't waste any time down at Port Victoria with a lot of no-good *tsotsies* in zoot suits. He'll join up with Gotwela. That's the character who really wants to murder every white man in Pharamaul."

The seventy-mile jeep journey next day took more than five hours. They stopped many times, to top up their boiling radiator, to refill the petrol tank, to eat and stretch their legs, to take the midday police schedule on the radio; and once, towards the end of their journey, to check their guns. It was a slow, determined progress of men leaving the friendly plains they knew, and entering a hostile keep.

Crump, as usual, proved himself a cheerful companion, though at the start of their journey he seemed preoccupied, even morose. "I don't like leaving Molly behind at Gamate," he told David.

"How often do you make this journey?"

About once a month," answered Crump. "We've got a police post up at Shebiya—a corporal and four of the chaps. This lad behind," he jerked his head at where their passenger clung to the small mountain of luggage with stolid, stubborn persistence—"is the relief. He'll do a month up there."

"Will there be anything for him to do?"

Crump shrugged. "You never know. It's been quiet now for a long time. Of course there's always stock theft, and a murder or two, and bit of rape on the side." He grinned. "You can't expect it to be like an English village. But Gotwela has the thing pretty well sewn up. When he cracks the whip, they jump. Saves us a lot of trouble."

"If you can trust him."

"I wouldn't trust him a short yard on a bright sunny day," said Crump crisply. "He'd murder his own mother if it would do him any good. In fact, he did just that a couple of years ago, only we couldn't pin it on him."

"But what I meant was, he really does keep order. He rules the U-Maulas, and we rule him, and so the thing works. It wouldn't look too good on paper, in black and white, but here"—Crump raised a hand momentarily from the bucking steering wheel and gestured round him at the forbidding, near-jungle landscape—"here it's just about all right. At the moment."

You said that before," commented David presently. It was the time when they stopped, ten miles short of Shebiya and Crump had been at pains to check their small armoury—the rifle chipped lengthwise under the dash, his own Luger, and David's ancient .45 Webley which he had borrowed from Captain Simpson, the naval aide. "Do you mean that things could really change so quickly?"

"This is Africa," answered Crump, releasing and then snapping home the magazine of his pistol. "Anything can happen. I always do this." He patted the smooth oily stock of the Luger—"because I might have to use it in a hurry. Gotwela keeps a tight rein, but some of his aides are still trigger-happy."

"Where do they get the guns?"

"Smuggled. Stolen. Inherited. We have a drive now and again, and bring a few in. Some of the stuff left lying about in the Western Desert and in East Africa found its way down here. God knows how. We picked up a Bren only the other day." He sighed. Shebiya, much smaller than Gamate, was nearly deserted when they drove through it, although it was late afternoon, the traditional time of meeting and gossip. It was like the jungle track they had left behind them: it had been waiting for their party, it had known that they were near, and it now received them with the sullen face of indifference.

Only in the police post, with its flag flapping taut at the mast-head, its neat pathways whitewashed along their borders, was there a rift in Shebiya's lowering mask. But there all was order, discipline and grinning welcome.

Crump spent some time inside the post before driving on to the district officer's bungalow.

David was not entirely sure what he had expected Tom Ronald, the district officer, to be like. In the back of his mind, affected by the strange, secret country they were in, he had had a vague picture of an oldish man, huge, of legendary strength and endurance who ruled the U-Maulas with tremendous authority, and whose name alone—"Great White Father," or some such—made murderers kill themselves and thieves throw away their spoil.

The man who strolled towards them as the jeep drew up before the frame bungalow, was laughably different. He was young—twenty-two or three—cheerful and thickset, with a fair skin and curly hair. And his first words of greeting were: "What ho, chaps! Glad you got here in one piece. I bet you're about ready to wet the old whistle."

David found himself hoping that Tom Ronald was not really as simple and schoolboyish as he sounded. But he found such thoughts evaporating as time went by. Ronald was indeed a simple character, immature, young for his years. But behind the "What Ho" and the "Cheers, chaps!" and the residual manity of a minor public school in England lay something else of a different quality altogether, something strong and tough and competent.

Tom Ronald might not fit the "Great White Father" mould, thought David, as he listened to the other man giving Crump a slangy, nonchalant account of recent happenings in Shebiya, but he certainly knew his territory, and what was going on in it.

"I think we've got a new secret society in Shebiya," he remarked offhandedly. "There have been a lot of meetings lately, and some drilling, out on the hillside. Something to do with fish. They call themselves the Fish Men. Don't know if there's anything in it."

Crump nodded. "My chaps at the police post were saying the same thing. But there's always been that fish emblem in Pharamaul, hasn't there? One of the old Maula titles is 'Son of the Fish,' after all."

Ronald scratched his chin doubtfully. "Maybe. That's a religious thing, isn't it? But this seems to be different. We had half a dozen new people in the village last week. They also called themselves Fish Men but they'd trekked up from Port Victoria."

Crump echoed "Port Victoria?" in a tone of utmost surprise, and David felt his stomach give a sudden, uneasy heave. The word "fish" recalled his conversation with Father Schwenmer, and the dark, barbaric world which the latter had conjured from the past. Now, it seemed, there were other Fish Men—not religious Fish Men, but political Fish Men.

Crump said: "You'd better keep your eye on that. I may as well tell you that I'm looking for something of the sort—a piece of a puzzle that I can't quite fit in. Zuva, down in Port Victoria, is about ready to start something. I don't want him joining up with the U-Maulas. We're likely to have quite enough trouble with Dinamaula in Gamate, as it is."

"What's the gen there?" asked Tom Ronald. "Isn't he going to behave like mother's best boy?"

"No," said Crump. "That's the short answer; and you might let me know if Puero, the regent, ever shows up here. He's another one who's feeling the spring."

An agreeable feminine voice behind them asked: "Who's feeling the spring?" and they all stood up as Tom Ronald's wife entered the room.

Cynthia Ronald was tall, dark and attractive. She said "Hallo, Keith" to Crump, and then: "Thank God for a new face!" to David himself. Then she perched on the arm of her husband's chair, showing a startling amount of leg, and said: "Break it up, boys. The world will keep till tomorrow. Let's all have a drink."

It suddenly seemed an excellent idea. Later, after a surprisingly good dinner, they played Animal Grab with an

EATING AND DRINKING—2

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ancient, dog-eared pack of cards, till it was time to go to bed.

Looking at Cynthia, David had no doubt that Tom Ronald, as he had proclaimed several times already, liked his isolated assignment in Shebiya. On these terms it hardly counted as isolation.

They stayed for three days in Shebiya: days of exploration, inquiry and a certain tension.

The town itself was small, not much more than a clearing in the jungle. One road led south to Gamate, the rough road by which they had come; one road led past Tom Ronald's house and then eastwards to Fish Village on the coast—temporarily cut off owing to heavy rains and a washed-out culvert; a third, smaller track wandered westward to no particular place and then petered out in a solid, impenetrable wall of vegetation. No known pathway led north: there the close-knit trees crowded in, the jungle multiplied into a swarming profusion of bush, fronded creepers, dank undergrowth and clouds of insects, and civilization thinned or thickened into nothing again.

THEIR last call in Shebiya, on the eve of their departure, was a formal visit to Gotwela, chief of the U-Maulas. Perhaps it was as well that they had kept this call until the end of their stay, otherwise, thought David, it might well have spoilt their three days in this territory.

Gotwela, when at last he appeared, after a mortifying delay, in the doorway of his hut, proved to be a gross, dirty, ruffianly man of undoubted presence. He was tall, yet his enormous paunch and fat bare thighs gave him an illusion of squat ungainliness. He wore the *simbara*, the ceremonial lion-skin which, out-moded in Gamate, still served as a mark of eminence in Shebiya.

It seemed, however, that he kept some state, on a savage plane that was not reassuring. A tall, lithe warrior, also wearing the *simbara* and carrying a polished spear, preceded Gotwela's appearance. Two others, similarly clad and armed, ranged themselves at his side as soon as he took his stand.

"*Akwala!*" Crump said formally. "I am glad to see you, Chief."

Gotwela raised his hand, and his bodyguard, copying him, lifted their spears. The broad blades caught the sun, flashing as if in warrant of their murderous intent.

"*Akwala . . . !* Captain Crump . . . : we are honoured by this visit."

"I am glad to see you well, Chief," answered Crump curtly. "This is Mr Bracken, a new officer of government. I have brought him with me to see Shebiya."

Gotwela nodded briefly, but he did not answer. The bodyguard stared ahead, oblivious of the sun, the flies, the voice of the police captain. Only their spears were taut and ready.

Crump spoke again: "I hope that all is well here, Chief."

All is well." Gotwela's voice, deep and coarse, seemed to emerge from his chest in uninterested, uncaring agreement.

"The cattle?" asked Crump.

"The cattle are well."

"The crops?"

"The crops are gathered."

"The rain?"

"We have been fortunate."

There was a pause. Crump frowned as if displeased. Gotwela gathered a loose fold of his *simbara* and flung it over his shoulder. The bodyguard looked ahead, their spears unmoving.

Crump raised his head again. "What is this of the fish?" he asked brusquely.

But Gotwela was staring back at him cool, unsurprised. "Fish?" he repeated.

"We have heard talk of fish."

Gotwela shook his head. "I know no fish."

Unexpectedly, Crump moved. With the polished toe of his boot he drew the fish emblem in the sandy soil—two curved lines, coming to a point at one end, crossing at the other. He pointed downwards. "That is the fish I speak of," he said.

David saw that the three men of the bodyguard were no longer looking ahead. They were staring down at what Crump had drawn in the sand, and their eyes had lost their veil of blankness. From them, he looked again at Gotwela, but Gotwela was giving no ground. He faced Crump unblinkingly, his heavy head erect, his gross body solid as rock. He said again: "I know no fish."

Crump sighed, not at a loss, but as if he realized that this road was barred and he must find another one. Between himself and Gotwela, the fish emblem remained, as though to mark a dark century of cleavage. If Crump would only lift his foot again, thought David, and rub it out, perhaps all would be well, now and in the future.

He saw that Crump, instead, was preparing to take his leave, and that the bodyguard were raising their spears once more, in formal, ironic farewell. He heard Crump say curtly: "I am watching this fish," and Gotwela answered: "I know no fish," with equal curtness.

The ugly riddle seemed to be rearing up monstrously behind David's back, as he walked down the pathway towards the jeep. But no weapon smote him deep between the shoulder-blades, no spear cleft his skull.

Not until the jeep began to move, and they were fifty yards away, did David shamefacedly realize his utter relief.

Cynthia Ronald was playing clock-golf by herself, on the patchy brown lawn, when David Bracken came out to say goodbye to her. He smiled as she glanced up, and said: "You look very expert. . . . It's about time for me to go, I'm afraid."

"It's been wonderful having you. She let the putter fall to the ground and faced him. "We love it here, but it's nice to see someone new for a change."

"Don't you ever get lonely?"

She smiled. "Now and again. But there's lots to do. And we have visitors quite often after all. And, of course, I have a nice husband."

"It boils down to that, doesn't it?"

"Pretty well."

David thought of Nicole Stewart, and of seeing her again quite soon, and he said suddenly, out of the blue: "It's about time I got married myself."

"You do that," said Cynthia Ronald immediately. "It's the very best thing you can do. And then you can bring her here to see us."

"How much longer have you got in Shebiya?"

"About two years. But we really do like it here. It grows on you."

The police jeep drew up at the front gate, and Crump waved to him, signalling his readiness. At the same moment Tom Ronald came down the steps of his bungalow.

"Time to go, I'm afraid," said David again.

"Darling, isn't it wonderful," said Cynthia Ronald, hooking her arm through her husband's. "David's going to get married and bring his wife up to see us."

"Good show," said Tom Ronald.

"Wait a minute," said David, laughing. "I haven't even asked her yet."

"You ask her," said Ronald. "Soon as you can. I really recommend it."

"It's all very well for you two."

"Yes," said Cynthia Ronald, "it's all *very* well."

When, after cheerful goodbyes, the jeep moved off down the road, David's last sight of them was as they stood arm-in-arm, in the middle of their lawn, waving farewell. They seemed so natural a pair, so naturally happy, that Shebiya itself shed its gloom as long as they were within view, and became, briefly, a secure and contented place.

When Tulbach Browne, of the *Daily Flash*, arrived in Gamate, he did not immediately make contact with Dinamaula. Being an experienced newspaperman he saved the best to the last, knowing well that the delay was likely to give him a better story in the end. He hoped to use Dinamaula to tie his series of stories up into one neat, poisonous bundle.

His headquarters was now the Gamate Hotel, and from there he foraged diligently, a small figure in a seersucker suit and a broad-brimmed hat, intent on the murder of fact. He went everywhere—in the hotel on the *aboura* touring the outlying districts, calling at Andrew Macmillan's Residency hanging round the tribal office, knocking on any door, saluting any man, bribing any child. He had a car at his disposal, a hired car from Port Victoria, with a grinning driver who had never had it so good. In the first week, which included a sudden dart back to Port Victoria in order to file a confidential dispatch to his paper, Tulbach Browne's taxi bill was £125.

No one on the *Daily Flash* would have complained that this sum was wasted. The piece he did on "Gamate's Tin Gods" was alone worth the money.

It stemmed from a half-hour talk with Llewellyn, the agricultural officer, and a longer call on Andrew Macmillan up at the Residency. From the latter Tulbach Browne had returned with the onward smile and the itching fingers that only a typewriter could assuage.

At the Gamate Hotel he was the ideal stranger in the bar: hail-fellow with newcomers, ready with drinks all round, making friends as another man might make slick, contriving shadows on the wall. But beneath the surface, he was watchful all the time, and from at least three people he drew a notable dividend towards the contribution he was seeking in Pharamaul.

First there was David Bracken, on his way down from Shebiya, spending by chance a single evening in Gamate. David knew Tulbach Browne well by reputation. Aware of what he was doing, he was wary with the other man, taking great care to give him no opening. But his care did not save him from providing Tulbach Browne with one spectacular, infinitely quotable phrase.

They had been talking, naturally, of Shebiya, and the way it was run, and the simple near-savagery that marked its walled-up way of life. David described the Ronalds and the happiness they obviously found in their strange home, and the inconclusive visit to Gotwela. The latter he commented, was not a reassuring figure.

"What's he really like?" asked Tulbach Browne. "He's the local chief, isn't he?"

David answered cautiously: "Gotwela's the local chief, in a slightly undercover way. He rules the U-Maulas. He's big. Tough. Not exactly civilized."

Tulbach Browne smiled. "You make him sound a rather odd character."

"He's all that," agreed David carelessly. "In fact, when you first meet him, he's like something out of the zoo."

Then, also in the Gamate bar, there was George Forsdick. Forsdick by ill-chance at his most unreliable, Forsdick at seven o'clock in the evening, flushed with whisky, hating his wife, eyeing the girls; Forsdick, for better or worse, the district commissioner.

"The trouble with you chaps," said Forsdick, sticking a solid thumb into Tulbach Browne's brittle chest, "is that you write such a lot of tripe. I expect you're paid damn well for it," he continued, handsomely, alarmingly, "but that doesn't cut much ice with us chaps on the spot. We know the sort of game you're playing."

"What game is that?" Tulbach Browne enquired.

"Looking for a scandal. Writing a lot of tripe."

"I don't agree that we do."

"You wrote a lot of tripe about Dinamaula." The thumb came out again, like the classic blunt instrument of all stories of violence. "You wrote a lot of tripe about Andrew Macmillan. You can't deny it."

"I do deny it," said Tulbach Browne, though without emphasis.

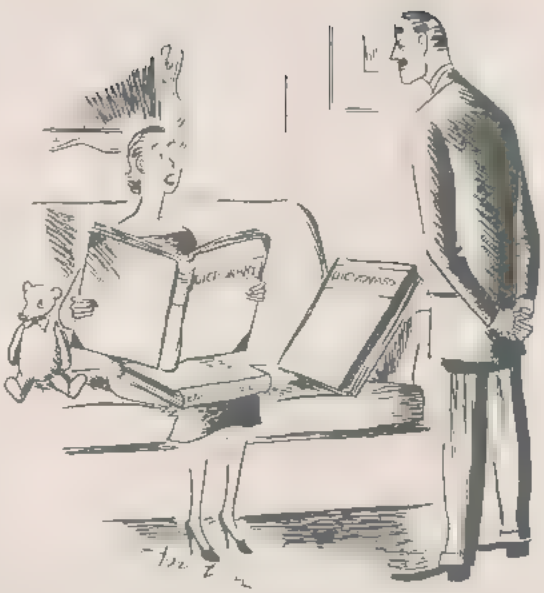
"One of the best fellows in the world," continued Forsdick, unheeding, "and you go and write a lot of tripe about him . . . Have a drink," he commanded, "and try and be a good chap in the future."

"Nothing more for me, thanks," said Tulbach Browne.

"Try and be a good chap," Forsdick persisted. "It's not really difficult. Just stop writing a lot of tripe."

"Aren't you the district commissioner?" asked Tulbach Browne.

"You know bloody well I am," said



"He said his first word today"

EATING AND DRINKING—3

At the first cup man drinks wine, at the second cup wine drinks wine; at the third cup wine drinks man.

Japanese proverb

Forsdick. "I may not get a lot of money for it. But I don't write tripe

Nor do I"

Try and be a good chap rsdick repeat

You are in charge her sks Tulbach Browne

"Yes. And don t write a lot of tripe about me It ll get you nowhere."

I don't want to get anywhere

You can say that again," said Forsdick, bellowing with laughter again, "because you're not getting anywhere

You don't like the press?"

"Not my cup of tea."

What about Dinamaula?"

"Dinamaula," answered Forsdick with rare, unfortunate distinct enunciation, "is getting too big for his boots." Then, for the last time his thumb jabbed in Tulbach Browne's breastbon "In the interests of truth he said that s not quite true"

Why not?"

"Because, said Forsdick, struggling with sudden mountainous laughter again, "he doesn't wear boots. . So if you're writing some more tripe about Dinamaula, don t mention boots Have another drink"

"Nothing more" said Tulbach Browne, "for me. . . "

Looking back on it, as Tulbach Browne did with rare delight many times in later years, it seemed to him that it was that moment of the evening in the Gamate Hotel which somehow gave the signal for everything in Pharamaul to go wonderfully, irrevocably wrong Hitherto he had been playing with the story, fiddling about, merely amusing himself He had been able to provoke Dinamaula a little on the plane to Port Victoria, he had enjoyed some easy knock-down fun with the governor, and the rest of the well bred turnip heads at the Pharamaul Club he had found it possible to prick Andrew Macmillan into an encouraging display of indiscretion

But now, as he stood at ease in the bar, these preliminary swings regained their modest perspective, and he realized that there was not much more to come. He knew, with true instinct that the story he had come to find was now very near to him David Bracken had given him a superbly quotable phrase Forsdick less than sober had left him ample room for attack Soon he would see Dinamaula

He looked about him seeking a bridge between promise and outcome and he found it in Oosthuizen Oosthuizen the farmer, who was nearest to him as Forsdick turned away

They had already been introduced

So you're a farmer," said Tulbach Browne, picking it up at random Must be interesting. How many

[illegible]

[illegible] bar already [illegible] with most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

overtop all other thoughts. He liked Macmillan—that was the annoying part. He knew that the other man was solid, dependable, full of knowledge, trustworthy. He wanted to share such company. Instead, he had been "interviewed," as he had been interviewed on countless occasions in England—by Customs men, by men in the Scheduled Territories Office, by Oxford dons, by policemen, club secretaries, women, fellow undergraduates. He had been inspected, weighed, found wanting, almost before he had entered the Residency.

Macmillan, the man he liked and admired, had used inexcusable phrases. Dinamaula remembered one of them especially. "I don't propose," Macmillan had said, looking at him as if he were a probationary servant in some great patrician house, "to lose any sleep, just because there's a new chief Gamate will survive it." And when Dinamaula had kept silent, mortified, taken aback, Macmillan had added: "You've had your fun with the newspapers, but you'd better talk sense to me."

Now Dinamaula lay in darkness, enduring the heat, watching the spiders, thinking the thoughts of mutiny and despair. He was still thinking such thoughts when Tulbach Browne sent a message, asking—with expressions of respect and hesitation—if he might be allowed to talk to the chief.

"As a matter of fact," said Tulbach Browne, nodding sagely, "Macmillan told me about that himself. Said he'd had you up to the Residency, and read the riot act—whatever that means. Said he told you that you'd have to toe the line. Did he really say that?"

It was an hour later and, for Tulbach Browne, time to make a move.

"Yes," said Dinamaula, sombrely, "that was what he said."

"But it's extraordinary. After all, you're the chief."

"Not yet!"

Tulbach Browne looked at him, staring across the shadows of the hut. "But you're going to be."

"I hope so."

Tulbach Browne hesitated, wondering whether to pursue a new and crucial line of thought. He decided against it. He had enough in view as it was. If there were anything in the novel prospect that Dinamaula had opened up, it would certainly keep.

Instead, he ground out his cigarette on the beaten earth floor of the hut and said: "I was very surprised when Macmillan told me about the interview. It sounded almost as if he was proud of it."

"He is a strong man," said Dinamaula.

"Or he thinks he is. . . . He's not the only one, either. I was in the Gamate Hotel, a couple of days ago. You know . . . they've got some funny ideas there."

"Who have?"

"People I met. Farmer called Oosthuizen. Bracken the new man at Government House. Forsdick. And the man behind the bar—can't remember his name."

"Mr Fellows," said Dinamaula.

"Fellows. He was *very* vocal, . . . He actually told me," said Tulbach Browne carefully, "that you couldn't go in there and have a drink."

Dinamaula was silent.

"Now that, to me," said Tulbach Browne, looking at his fingernails, "is an extraordinary idea. Here we are in British territory. There's no difference, or there ought to be no difference, between the Gamate Hotel and a pub in Piccadilly. I don't suppose you had any trouble getting a drink in London?"

"No," said Dinamaula.

"But here you are, *in your own town* and there are people boasting—because that's what it sounded like—actually boasting that the Gamate Hotel is reserved for whites only, with a colour bar that they're going to preserve at all costs."

"It is the custom," answered Dinamaula. "It has come to be accepted."

"By you?"

"I have only just returned."

"It might be a good moment," said Tulbach Browne, "to make a few changes."

Dinamaula looked at him. He was sad and lonely, his self-esteem had been laid raw, here was a fellow human being, a white man, who treated him as he had often been treated in London and Oxford, who was unequivocally on his side. . . .

He said slowly: "Why are you so interested in all this?"

Tulbach Browne shrugged. "I'm interested, like a lot of other people in what goes on in the world. There's something damned queer that people ought to know about—a straight open colour bar operating in a British protectorate. It needs putting right."

"How?"

"A lot of people in Gamate say you can't get a drink at the hotel. I say you can."

"How?"

"Come with me to the Gamate Hotel."

Dinamaula shivered suddenly, though the day was hot and the hut airless. Tulbach Browne was looking at him, waiting for his answer. Tulbach Browne who had nothing to lose either way, who would contrive a story out of success or a story out of failure.

Dinamaula knew that he was being used by an unscrupulous man, a man who had, during the past hour, alternately flattered, derided, and provoked him. But he knew also that he would go through with it, for many reasons unconnected with Tulbach Browne, reasons of blood and anger that needed no alien prompting.

Though he answered, frowning: "But we know perfectly well what will happen," he was already preparing to rise to his feet.

It was about noon and there were not many people in the bar of the Gamate Hotel when Dinamaula followed Tulbach Browne through the doorway and up to the counter.

Fellows, from his station behind the bar, saw them coming. Fellows, and Llewellyn, the agricultural officer, who was sipping a quick beer at the end of the counter; and Oosthuizen, the farmer.

Their reactions were characteristic. Llewellyn, a small man, grew noncommittally watchful. Oosthuizen stiffened and stared, scarcely believing his eyes. Fellows reddened, and the hand swabbing down the bar hesitated and then clenched in sudden tension.

There were half a dozen other people at the tables. Slowly awakening to the incredible, they nudged each other, and ceased to speak, and waited.

There was a deep silence all over the room as Tulbach Browne said: "Two beers, please."

Fellows, now a fiery red, stared back at him, his small blue eyes very prominent. Gazing narrowly and carefully, he seemed to be taking in only one figure, though no one present in the room could be unaware that two men had passed between the tables, and up to the bar.

Then Fellows shook his head. "Sorry, Mr Browne!"

"What?" said Tulbach Browne.

"I can't serve you."

Dinamaula, his black face expressionless, had now ranged himself at Tulbach Browne's side, leaning against the bar, and Fellows glanced at him for a quick moment, at last acknowledging his presence, before coming back to Tulbach Browne again.

"Why not?" asked Tulbach Browne, civilly enough.

"You know why not," said Fellows curtly.

Round them the silence grew into a pall of expectancy.

"I want two beers," said Tulbach Browne in even tones. "One for me, one for my friend. I'm staying in the hotel. You can't refuse to serve us."

"I can't serve you," said Fellows, breathing heavily. "But I can't serve the chief."

"Why not?" repeated Tulbach Browne.

"You know bloody well why not!" This time it was Oosthuizen, solid and formidable, who broke in to take up the argument. "Because he's not allowed in here. That's why not!"

"I wasn't speaking to you," said Tulbach Browne briefly.

"I *was* speaking to you," said Oosthuizen, with dangerous emphasis. "Man, you've got a bloody cheek, bringing him in like this."

Two beers," said Tulbach Browne.

A man at a table behind them called: "Throw them both out!"

Dinamaula plucked gently at Tulbach Browne's arm. "Let us go," he said. He was now unexpectedly calm, free from danger, free from shame. He had known it would be like this. It was the custom, no more, no less.

"We're not going," said Tulbach Browne. "Not before we get a drink."

Fellows shook his head once more. "I can't serve you in the bar." His tone grew pleading. "But there's a nice private room. Just through the curtain. I'll serve you both there, right away."

"I want two beers," said Tulbach Browne. "Here in the public bar."

"No!" said Fellows.

"You heard him," said Oosthuizen.

At the back of the room they were now standing up—not menacing, but wishing to be ready for whatever might happen next. Tulbach Browne looked round him, his lips curling. Then he turned to Fellows again. "Let's get this thing quite definite," he said. "I'm staying in the hotel. I've ordered two drinks. You say you won't serve them here, but you will serve them in a private room, out of sight. Why?"

In the silence that followed, an unexpected voice intervened.

"Chief!" called Llewellyn.

Dinamaula turned towards him politely. "Yes, Mr. Llewelyn?"

"I don't think you ought to do this."

"You're too bloody right!" said Oosthuizen belligerently.

Llewellyn tapped his fingers on the bar. "Let's keep it decent," he said with an authority odd in so small a man. He looked at Dinamaula again. "Mr Fellows is quite right, and you know he is. It's not the custom here. If Mr Browne wants to drink with you, he should take you through into the private room."

"He shouldn't want to, anyway," said Oosthuizen.

Tulbach Browne shook his head, denying all this out of hand. "I want two beers," he said. "Here and now. Do I get them, or don't I?"

Ranged side by side the black man and the white man waited. Then, after a long, prickling silence, Fellows said: "No."

"You're refusing to serve me?"

"Yes!"

Dinamaula touched his arm again, and this time Tulbach Browne was ready to move. He said: "All right, then," and turned slowly away from the bar, and made for the door, holding Dinamaula lightly by the elbow to guide him out. A man called out: "Bloody sauce!" as they passed, and a woman: "Well, that's the first time I've ever seen *that*."

They walked a few paces from the hotel, to the southern edge of the *abouru*, before they said goodbye to each other. For some reason it now seemed inappropriate for them to remain together. Dinamaula wanted to think. Tulbach Browne wanted to write. Both were private undertakings.

"Sorry about all that," said Tulbach Browne at length.

"It is no matter," answered Dinamaula. His eyes were downcast as the rawness of defeat and shame started to flood in again. "It was what we both expected. It is the custom."

"Stupid bastards! I'll see that people hear about it, though, don't you fear."

Tulbach Browne looked across the *abouru*, narrowing his eyes against the fierce midday sun. It was the hour after the hour of eating and few people stirred. Even the scrawny questing goats were indolent, crowding into the shade of every hut.

From the opposite side of the *abouru*, a woman left one hut, walked a few yards and went into another. Tulbach Browne, long-sighted, recognized her.

"That was Miera," he said.

"Yes," said Dinamaula.

Tulbach Browne smiled a clubman's smile. "I've heard a lot of talk, about your marrying her."

Dinamaula shook his head. He was thinking of other things. He was thinking of Oosthuizen saying: "You shouldn't want to drink with him anyway," and Fellows saying: "No."

Almost to himself, he murmured: "I shall not marry Miera."

"But you will marry?" prompted Tulbach Browne.

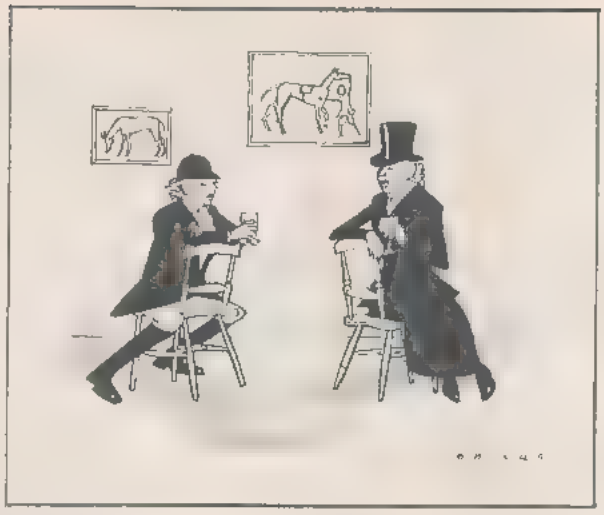
"I hope so."

"Anyone special in mind?"

Dinamaula was still thinking of other things, things farther away, things rounded and far more happy. He remembered a party at Oxford, a hectic party that ended in canoes at dawn, along the sightless river bank. He remembered another, more sedate affair, in a private room at Claridges in London. No one had said "No," on either occasion.

He raised his eyes to Tulbach Browne, scarcely seeing him, aware only of pain and loneliness. He said scarcely thinking, voicing the thin fabric of a random thought: "No one special. As a matter of fact, I'd like to marry a white girl."

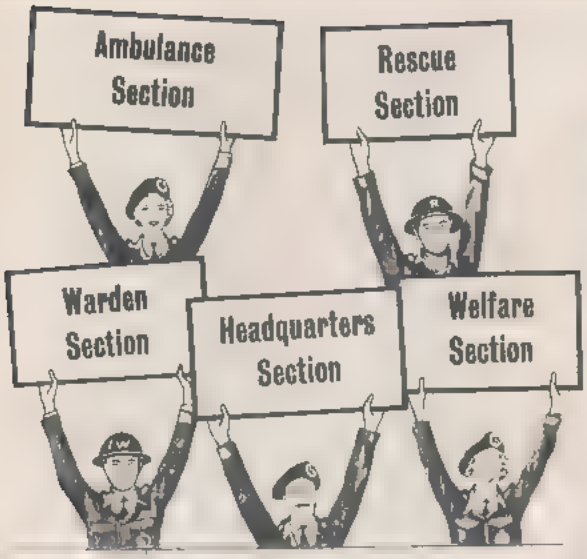
To be continued next week



EATING AND DRINKING 5

He who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else

Samuel Johnson



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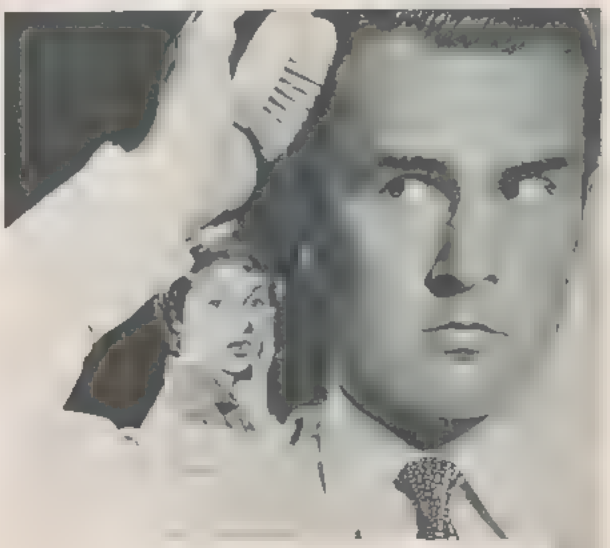
ISSUED BY H.M. GOVERNMENT

Is your hair falling out?



NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT! It's an unpleasant shock the sudden discovery that your hair is falling out. It's also a timely warning that you dare not ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Act now, before the condition becomes more serious. But before you can give your hair the proper care it needs, you should know something about it first.

SP.43

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12 MONTHS' GUARANTEE

JP 2

The hunter and the hunted

Continued from page 17

had not seen in six years. I tingled with anticipation.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the fourth day I arrived at Pozo del Sur. There the coast road ends, the map will tell you. The trail up the valley to Desolado is not on a map. I left the jeep in the town and walked.

The river was high and the trail muddy. Presently, hearing the familiar clappety-slap of laundry paddles around a bend in the stream, I halted with a grin. It was good to be home.

Suddenly, just ahead, a man's voice sang out in the patois of my people. "Pigeon! Come out of there!"

I heard a peal of childish laughter and then a furious splashing and an outburst of merriment from the washerwomen. On the path before me appeared a tiny flying figure, naked, and gigging so hard she did not see me until it was too late to stop.

I caught her as she ran against me. Swinging her from her feet, I sat her in the bend of my arm. "A fine thing," I said. "Trying to knock people over."

Then I saw the stranger. He had come silently along the path through the bamboos and halted at sight of us. I put the child down. "Good day, sir," I said.

He answered politely, advanced a step and stopped again. I recognized him from his photograph, but he was taller than I had expected—a handsome man, with good eyes and a firm mouth.

"I am Fidel Ojeda," I said, extending my hand.

His grip was neither limp nor firm. "Luis Escalon," he said. Obviously the name by which he was living here. And he smiled. But already I had been a policeman too long to miss the wariness in his fine, dark eyes.

"The pigeon has found a new friend, I see," he declared. "Well, so be it. I am an old ogre myself, forbidding small children to play in the river when it is high. You will be more prudent, no doubt." With a sigh, he turned away.

She let him get to the bend of the path and then her wail soared to the forest top. "Papa! Wait for me!" In a flash she was after him.

He turned his head to wink at me. Then his strong hand lifted her to his shoulders and off he went—this man whose good, dark eyes, if I was successful in my mission, would soon be staring at the muzzles of a firing squad.

In the thatch-roofed house of my parents that afternoon, after all the relatives had been discussed, I asked about this man, not naming his real name.

My father took time to light his pipe. Then he said: "As you know, we are not usually fond of strangers."

I nodded. "Then he has made no friends here?"

"On the contrary, he has made many. Obviously he is a man of education, yet he is not afraid to work with his hands. He has taught us tricks of house building and farming—especially irrigation—that we never knew."

Obviously my father, who knows everything, did not know that Señor Escalon was in reality the school teacher, El Vago, in hiding with a handsome price on his head.

Remembering Captain Cuneo's advice, I did not enlighten him. Nor, of course, did I inform him I was now a police officer.

"This Señor Escalon is living in the old plantation house?" I asked.

"With Elena, the witch woman, and a little girl he has taken in."

"Ah. The one he calls Pigeon. Who is she?"

"A child without parents," my father said, and my mother clucked her tongue in sympathy. "Had you not gone away to the capital when you did, she might have been your child. Her mother was Luisa Santana."

Was? I felt the skin crawl on my ribs.

"Luisa and her husband were drowned when his raft overturned in the river in a flood we had. The child clung to the raft and was saved by Señor Escalon."

I closed my eyes and thought of quiet evenings by the pool where the underground stream called Rio Perdido comes surging out of the mountain. I thought of a soft-eyed girl and an unkept promise.

"Why have not Luisa's people taken the child?" I asked in my emptiness.

My father shrugged. "Her husband was a man from La Cacaos, not much liked here. She angered her people when she married. They wished her to wait for you."

Toward evening I strolled up through the village and took the path to the plantation house on the plateau overlooking the river. That path crossed the Rio Perdido, and with my heart full of sadness I stopped there at the pool.

We had come here often, Luisa and I, to watch the phantom fireflies and talk of the time we would be married by the priest at Pozo, and have a little house of our own. The people of Perdido shunned the place, not because the stream was deep enough to drown a man where it rushed from the base of the mountain, but because the mountain folk of San Nicolas are superstitious about such things.

I was never superstitious. I had even explored the mountainside caves above the pool and discovered in one of them a stream which I thought must be this one, only higher up, and proved it by setting little stick boats afloat in the cavern and finding them later in the pool. I was a boy with ambition—which is why, at seventeen, I went away to the capital.

This evening I lingered long at the pool before continuing my journey. Darkness smothered the plateau when I got there. A dog barked at me from the plantation house and I halted.

The front door opened, and El Vago came down the steps to greet me.

"What can I do for you?" he asked politely.

"I am sorry, *señor*. I did not know the old house was being used. When I was a boy we used to put the boards away from the windows and crawl inside to play at being rich. I tried a small joke on him. I was just a peasant in those days."

"And now you have escaped to the city?" He, too, smiled. "Please come in."

I was astonished when I followed him over the threshold. That house had been falling in ruins, you understand. Now it was as good as any home in the capital.

"I have been patching things up," he said. "A man should keep busy."

We sat in comfortable chairs in a cheerful room, and as we finished the polite preliminaries to a conversation a woman came with glasses of sugared rum on a tray. Again my mouth dropped open.

El Vago chuckled. "You remember Elena?"

Remember her! Could I ever forget the wretched creature whose very name had been used by my parents to frighten me into obedience? Today, of course, I was no ignorant mountain boy, I knew that a woman was not necessarily a witch simply because she walked the wilderness trails alone, mumbling to herself. But witch or not, poor, half-starved Elena had been a wild-eyed horror, whereas this woman serving me was clean and attractive, a creature reborn.

"How did you do it?" I demanded when she had left the room.

He shrugged. "How does the poem go? 'Be to her virtues very kind, be to her faults a little blind.'"

"But she was sick!"

"Then a little sympathy and understanding must be strong medicine."

When we had talked of this and that for a time, Elena appeared in the doorway again. This time the little girl was with her. El Vago held out his arms. "Bedtime!" he said.

In her tiny white nightgown she sped across the room and climbed to his knee.

"Good night, Pigeon," he said solemnly. She kissed him, slipped from his knee, ran to my chair and held her face up to me.

When she had gone, I stood up. I said, "I must be going, *señor*. Good night."

He walked with me to the door. "Come again," he said. "My house is yours."

I was not happy. I tried to hate this man, El Vago, and could not. But I had my orders.

To prolong my visit in the valley where old memories held me fast, I talked to the people. They, too, liked the man. In only a few months he had made Desolado a better place to live in. They grayed he would stay.

Then one evening he discovered me at the pool, sitting on a slab of lime stone which had tumbled down the mountain.

I made a place for him beside me, and for a time we sat in silence. Then he said: "Her name was Luisa, wasn't it?"

I nodded.

"I knew her," he said. "Soon after I came here she brought little Pigeon to me. The child was ill. She thought I might know what to do."

In Desolado, you understand, any man who wears shoes is an educated man, and there is no doctor. "If you have a sick child . . . But never mind. Luisa had trusted him. Now my job would be even harder.

We were silent again. The river rushed from the mountain in the nearby darkness. Cicadas sang. Fireflies glowed among the slender bamboos. Then he said: "Why don't you stay here, my friend? Your heart is here."

"Here? In Desolado?" I looked at him in astonishment.

"We would not have so many Desolados if their men of vision did not always run away to the capital. This is a rich valley, or could be if these good people had a leader . . ."

"They have my father."

"Your father is no longer young," he said. . . .

The following day I made up my mind. To delay longer would only mean trouble for me in the capital. I would tell him the facts, arrest him, and start back that afternoon.

I spent the morning saying farewells. Lunched with my parents, and at one o'clock was in the village. Elena called to me as I passed through the market place. She and little Pigeon were doing the shopping, she said. Señor Escalon had gone to Pozo and would not return until three or four.

I went past the pool and climbed to the house. There, though the door was not locked, I hesitated. Something was wrong with the way I felt.

It was the day, perhaps. There was no sun, and the wind, all the time getting stronger, now pulled at my clothes. It occurred to me, as I stood here with a hand on El Vago's door, that I had not seen or heard a single bird on my way up from the river. Now I saw one—a solitary sea bird high in the dark sky, racing inland.

I closed the door behind me and went into the living room, where for a time I sat and waited. And presently the rain came. It filled the house with sound and made me nervous. I walked the floor. When the pacing afforded no relief, I went to a window.

Something was wrong. I was born in Desolado, and I knew at once that this was no ordinary storm. When I saw trees leaning in the wind and felt the very earth under the house trembling, I, a grown man, was frightened.

I saw the one-time witch woman, Elena, struggling head down, across the yard, battling the wind, and opened the door for her.

"*Por Dios!* What is it?" she gasped, leaning exhausted against the wall with little Pigeon in her arms.

I began to worry. Our river is not always a bad one, but a rain such as this would bring it up very quickly.

I caught hold of Elena's arms. "I must look after my parents. Do you understand? You will be safe here. Don't leave the house." I pulled the door shut behind me and ran.

It was not necessary. The people, too, had sensed that this was no common storm and had fled up the valley to high ground. Already the water lacked at the lower houses.

I made certain that my parents had fled with the others, then turned to the plateau again.

At sight of me, Elena wept with relief, and she and Pigeon followed me from room to room while I made sure the shutters were tight. Then we could only wait. I sat with the child on my knee and told her stories.

"Is this a bad storm?" she asked.

"Very bad, little Pigeon."

"Is my papa safe?"

"In Pozo there is a big stone church. He will go there."

"I am not afraid then."

Soon was not. But I was. All afternoon the storm's violence increased. Night came and you could not speak in that house without shouting. The shutters at the windows were solid mahogany, half an inch thick, secured with iron hooks that a strong man could not bend, but the wind found a way through them to tear a picture from the wall and hurl a lamp to the floor.

Toward midnight I heard a furious thumping and, in amazement, opened the front door. El Vago stumbled in and staggered to a chair.

"I didn't know you were here, Fidel. I thought they were alone." He could scarcely speak from exhaustion. From head to foot he was plastered with leaves and twigs, and

his clothes were in shreds and his face was the colour of raw beef. He had come from Pozo, he said. Never mind how. Every word, you understand, had to be shouted. The very house was shrieking.

An hour passed. The storm grew worse. Suddenly, with a great roaring sound the roof was torn away and we were at the mercy of wind and rain. I leaped to my feet in panic, reaching for the little girl, but El Vago was before me. He had her in his arms instantly.

"The house will go next," he shouted. "We must find shelter."

That man may have been only a schoolteacher with wild notions in his head, but in an emergency he was swift and efficient. We were out of the house and through the jungle of fallen trees in the garden before I knew what had happened. In less that a minute we were climbing the mountainside. Trees and broken branches choked the path. The wind tore at us, and the rain sucked our breath away. But we climbed.

He had chosen for shelter a cave I knew well, a big one only a little distance above the plateau. But we were half an hour reaching its entrance and half dead when we got there. We stumbled down its gloomy corridor.

El Vago handed me a candle he had snatched up as we fled from the house. I lit it and set it upright in drippings of its own wax. We were far enough in so that the wind, shrieking past the entrance, could not reach the flame.

We did not talk much. We did not move around. The one remark I remember—will remember always—is the last El Vago made before the landslide. "Nothing lasts for ever," he said.

Then we heard the earth moving. El Vago leaped to his feet and stood facing the entrance to the cave, tense and straight. Elena clutched at little Pigeon, both of them too terrified to utter a word. I was on hands and knees, struggling to rise.

The noise died away and the earth stopped shaking. I struggled for breath and heard a sound of coughing. Then very slowly the dust settled, and by the light of the candle, miraculously still burning, I saw what had happened.

The mountain had fallen. Where the entrance to our cavern had been was a wall of boulder-filled earth, filling the tunnel almost to our feet.

EL VAGO went towards it like a man approaching the edge of a precipice. For a long moment he stood gazing at it. When he turned, his face was stiff and white.

"Do you know another way out of here, Fidel?"

I shook my head.

"Suppose we look." He broke the candle in two and lit the second half from the first. Halting before Elena, he rubbed his nose against little Pigeon's cheek and smiled. "You two had better stay here until we return," he said. "Don't be afraid."

Elena's mouth opened and I expected a wail of terror, but the schoolteacher's fingers gently covered her lips. "Look after the child," he said.

She obeyed him. He and I, with our candle halves, went deeper into the cave. I knew that cave, you understand, I had explored it as a boy. The thing we sought did not exist, I knew that. Yet to attack that wall of fallen rock without tools was unthinkable.

We crawled on hands and knees, feeling our way. There were three interior chambers in this underworld, connected by a long, winding tunnel with a low roof. The floor was soft and sticky with bat droppings. The walls dripped. I felt smothered.

We explored each chamber, and each was a prison. In the last, we looked down into the crevasse where the river flowed.

"I used to make little boats and set them afloat here," I said. "They came out at the base of the mountain."

"In just under two minutes," El Vago replied. "The current is swift. With Elena's help I timed it once."

We were silent. The crevasse was a great tube running under the floor of the chamber, revealed to us only because part of its ceiling had fallen in. We knelt at the edge of the break and our candles disclosed the water seven or eight feet below, black as night, silken-smooth in its rapid flow.

El Vago moved back from the edge, handed me his candle and began to take off his shoes. My mouth dried. "You will be killed," I cried.

"How do we know?" he said as he removed his clothes. "We do know there is no other way out of here. If the river carries me alive into the pool, I'll round up the valley people and dig out the entrance—if it can be done."

It was madness. Between here and the pool the stream may twist like a snake," I protested. "It may plunge over a precipice. It may pass through openings too small for you."

He laid a hand on my shoulder. "We're wasting time, Lieutenant."

I stared at him.

"You thought I didn't know, eh?" He was not smiling—no man could smile at such a time—but his voice was gentle and there was no anger in it. "I've known from the time you left the capital. I have friends even there."

I said nothing.

"I think in time I might have won you over," he said. "You belong on my side, Fidel. You belong here in Desolado. Men like you are needed. However—"

I was staring now at the flowing water. He paused. Then he went on.

His gaze lifted to the tunnel along which he had crawled and I knew he was thinking of the little girl and the woman in the room near the entrance.

Mine is the easier job," he said at last. "I won't have to wait."

He stepped to the edge of the crevasse. Twice he filled his lungs with air and slowly emptied them. When they were full a third time he dropped swiftly to a sitting position and pushed himself off.

The black stream swept him out of sight instantly under a shelf of rock.

I stayed there for ten minutes—ten lifetimes, it seemed—peering into the depths, half convinced he would reappear at any moment to say it was not possible. Of course, he could not reappear: no man could return against such a current. At last I realized he was either trapped somewhere in the bowels of the mountain or on his way up the valley to find help; and, lonely as a lost child, I crept back through the passageway.

"Señor Escalon thinks he has found a way out. We must sit here and wait," I said.

We waited. If he came back, what would I do? I asked myself the question and answered it all in one thought, without hesitation. There was no El Vago at Desolado. Any rumour to the contrary was false. I would swear to it.

But he would not come back.

I took Luisa's little girl in my arms and sat with my back against the wall of stone that imprisoned us so as to hear the faintest sound.

There was no sound. Only the drip, drip, drip of moisture from the roof and walls of our tomb.

In my arms, Pigeon was half asleep. "Say your prayers, little one," I whispered. "Pray for Señor Escalon."

Afterwards she slept. Elena, too, fell asleep. I shut my eyes and put my ear to the barrier. Hour after hour I listened.

I must have dozed. Otherwise the sound, when I heard it, would have been faint and far off. Instead, it was close. I could almost see the shovels biting into the earth.

I threw myself against the barrier and shouted. A voice answered, and I wept like a child, then laughed like an idiot. I swept little Pigeon into my arms and danced around the cave with her.

I was still dancing when they broke through to us. My father thrust his head and arms through the opening.

He took the little girl and we crawled after him, toward a blessed slit of daylight. Emerging, I looked about in amazement. The mountainside was boulders and naked earth not a tree standing. The people of Desolado leaned on their tools and gazed at us in silence, exhausted by their efforts.

"Where is he?" I said. "Where is Señor Escalon?"

"Who?" my father said. He looked about him at the others, then returned his gaze to my face. "We have not seen Señor Escalon," he said.

"But you must have seen him! How else could you have known where to find us?"

"Perhaps we heard you calling for help, my son."

"We didn't call."

"Nevertheless, we heard you. My father turned to the others. "Is it not so?"

They nodded, watching me.

I seized my father's arms. "He was in the cave with us," I shouted. He threw himself into the underground stream in hope of reaching the pool."

"And since he is not here now," my father said, "he obviously is dead, and there is no one can stop hunting him. No doubt he is glad. There will be much joy in the capital when you deliver the news."

You know about the revolution in my country, of course. A very quiet affair. No bloodshed, no violence. The president and his followers were escorted to the airport and put aboard a plane, a new man moved into the palace, and in a few hours all was normal again. It interested us in Desolado only very slightly.

I, for one, had much else to think about. Little Pigeon was riding about on my shoulders, calling me Papa, and I had found a girl in the village—the sister of Luisa, in fact—who adored us both. There had been a wedding in the stone church at Pozo. I owned land, a gift from my father, and had built a house in which Elena looked after the three of us.

In short, the once ambitious Fidel Ojeda was just a farmer, uninterested in politics.

But one evening, returning home from my work, I halted by the pool and there he sat. Not a ghost. The schoolteacher himself.

He shook my hand. "How are you, Fidel?"

"I am content," I said. "And you?" I looked at him with a sad shake of my head. "Luck was bad for you, eh? Some other man sits in the palace."

"A good man, Fidel?" he asked.

"We think so, yes, a good man. The government takes an interest in us for a change, and we are not bled to death by unjust taxes. The peasant works hard again knowing he can keep a fair share of what he earns. And you, my friend—you are hiding again? If so, my house is yours."

He placed a hand on my shoulder, smiling. "I am not hiding, Fidel. And did I ever say I wished to live in a palace? I came to visit for a day or two, to talk to old friends."

I found myself walking beside him in the direction of my house, proud that he had come first to me and would be my guest.

"You should stay," I argued. "This Desolado is a fine place. You could be happy here."

Again his hand lay on my shoulder and again he smiled. "Thank you, Fidel," he said. "But there are other Desolados in this country of ours. I still have work to do."

THE END

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint from a reader. Those selected are illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

TO prevent cups being overturned when we have tea round the fireside, I made some trays to fit over the arms of our chairs and settee. For the bases I used ¼ in. plywood which I cut into 13½ in. by 8¾ in. pieces; the sides were made from ¾ in. by ¼ in. timber. The supports, 4 in. deep, were screwed off-centre to the tray bottoms so that more of the tray overhangs the outside than the inside of the chair. Finally I stained the trays to match the room furniture.—*F. C. Devlin, Liverpool*

EATING AND DRINKING 6

If you wish to grow thinner,
diminish your dinner,
And take to light claret instead
of pale ale;
Look down with an utter contempt upon butter,
And never touch bread till its
toasted—or stale.

H. S. Leigh

Something fishy

continued from page 14

to be up to something fishy I wouldn t trust him as far as I could throw —Lord Uffenham looked about him for a suitable illustration—"as far as I could throw that ruddy statue," he concluded

The statue in question, standing on the lawn of Peacehaven, the house next door, was what is known in the trade as a colossal nude and was the work of a young sculptor named Stanhope Twine, who lived there. Jane—possibly because she was engaged to him—admired it. Lord Uffenham did not. He disliked Stanhope Twine, and he disliked his colossal nude—so much so that on the previous night, returning flushed with the Green Lion's beer, he had hopped over the fence, armed with a pot of black paint, and added to its chin a small imperial beard He would, he knew, be closely grilled when his niece found out about it, but a man with a mission has to face these unpleasantnesses

"Stanhope thinks it's the best thing he has done," said Jane.

"Stanhope!"

"Don t say 'Stanhope' in a cold, soupy voice as if it revolted your lips to frame the word"

This was precisely how Lord Uffenham's lips had felt about it, but he lacked the nerve to say so. Jane, when the tigress that slept within her was roused, had a nasty way of telling him that something had gone wrong with the kitchen range and there would only be bread and cheese for dinner

Changing the subject tactfully, he said: "Hey!"

"Yes, m'lord?"

"Did you go to that gallery place about my pictures?"

"I did, and saw Mr Gish in person. He seemed intrigued. I'm going to ring them up this morning."

"That's right. Keep after the blighters. If I can sell those pictures, I ll be able to live at Shipley again,"

"And I'll be able to marry Stanhope."

"Ugh!"

"What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything.

"You said 'Ugh!' "

"Nothing of the kind Wouldn t say Ugh!' if yer paid me. But don't bother me now, my dear girl, I'm doing my crossword puzzle, and it's a stinker this morning. Run and ask Keggs what the dickens *Adventurers goes in for outrageous road-speed* is supposed to signify. Tell him it s urgent."

"He's not here I saw him drive off in his little car just now," said Jane, and went about her domestic duties

LORD UFFENHAM had returned to his crossword puzzle, when from the corner of his eye he observed Stanhope Twine coming out of the back door of Peacehaven. His intention evidently to take a refreshing look at his master piece. He rose and sneaked softly to the privacy of his study. He felt that he was better absent.

It was in his study that Jane found him some minutes later. Her eye was stern, her manner rude. "Uncle dear," she said, "was it you who painted that moustache on Stanhope's statue"

It was most fortunate that she should have made her inquiry thus for it enabled Lord Uffenham to answer the accusation with a clear conscience. What he had painted on Stanhope Twine's statue, it will be recalled, was a small imperial beard.

"Certainly not!" he said with a dignity which became him well.

Would I dream of doing such a thing. It was probably one of those chaps down the road, and I must say I would like to watch them closely all the same. You never get the chaps to stick you know. Impossible to prove the whole thing.

It was this that was giving Jane that feeling of baffled rage and frustration. She was in the position of the Big Four of Scotland Yard when they know perfectly well that it was Professor Moriarty who put the arsenic in the Ruritanian Ambassador's soup but have no means of proving it to the satisfaction of a jury

But she had other weapons in her armoury "Did I tell you that the kitchen range has gone wrong again?" she said casually. "You ll have to lunch on sardines"

I ke Blazes I ll lunch on any bally sardines! Yer know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take yer up to London and fill yer till yer eyes bubble with rich food at Barribault's," said Lord Uffenham, magnanimous in his hour of triumph. "We'll go on a regular bender"

He could have said nothing more calculated to soothe a fermenting niece. Jane did not often nowadays get a treat like lunch at Barribault's Hotel, that haunt of Texas millionaires and visiting maharajahs

She kissed Lord Uffenham on the top of his bald head. "That ll be wonderful I'll have to get back fairly early, though, because I'm having tea with Dora Wimpole."

"How's Twane?" asked Lord Uffenham "Is he ratty?"

"He's furious," said Jane

"I thought I heard him Sounded like a pig being killed I will say for Stanhope Twine that whatever his other defects—and they are numerous—they pale into insignificance beside his revolting voice. How yer can stand the feller beats me. Let alone wanting t marry him

"Is there any need to go into that again?

There is every need Lord love a duck, when you get hitched up, I want your old man to be someone I can drop in on and smoke a pipe with and generally nurse in my bosom. And what happens? You come and lay this marble-chipping Gawd-help-us on the mat'

"I can't marry just to give an uncle something to nurse in his bosom Haven't you ever heard that love conquers all?"

"Love, my left foot! You aren't in love. You wouldn't have looked twice at a feller like Twine if you hadn't been cooped up in a London suburb with nobody else in sight.'

Having delivered this powerful pronouncement, Lord Uffenham opened his *Times* and bent his fine mind to the solving of the clues. *So the subordinate professional on trial gets wages in advance not without demur* And Jane, seeing that he was now beyond the reach of the human voice, went to her room to select a frock which would do the family credit at Barribault s

THE party which Roscoe Bunyan had gone up to London to attend had been one of those parties that last till breakfast time, and the morning was well advanced when he stood beside his limousine bidding goodbye to Elaine Dawn, the lady to whom he had recently become affianced

There was rather a lot of Roscoe Bunyan. He bulged freely in all directions, and already a second edition of his chin had been published so that passers-by with an eye for beauty found that eye straying from him, after a brief glance, and turning to his companion, who was much worthier of inspection

Elaine Dawn unquestionably caught the eye. She played small parts on the stage, and nobody looking at her would have supposed her to be the daughter of a Shoreditch public house proprietor who had once been a heavyweight boxer, fighting under the name of Battling Bulson

Wilberforce Billson, partly because nature had fashioned him that way and partly as the result of the risks of his profession, looked like a dilapidated gorilla but his child was a spectacular brunette of the Cleopatra type, who would have got on well with Mark Antony

"Yow," said Roscoe, yawning cavernously, "I'm off to grab some sleep You'll get home all right?"

Elaine lived out Maida Vale way, which is in a diametrically opposite direction to Shipley Hall. She had never hoped that it would occur to her loved one to drive her there.

"Take a cab or something," said Roscoe helpfully, and clumbed into his car

Shipley Hall was some thirty miles from London. Arriving there and passing up the stairs to his bedroom, Roscoe was intercepted by Skidmore, his butler

Skidmore said: "Excuse me, sir. A Mr Keggs has called.'

Keggs?'

He tells me that he at one time held the post of butler to your father, sir."

"Oh, that guy!"

OUT of the dead past there emerged slowly before Roscoe's mental eye the image of a moon-faced figure with a Surrey accent and a spreading waistline

"All right, I'll see him in the smoking-room" he said, and presently Keggs entered, bearing the bowler hat without which no butler however ex, ever stirs abroad

"Good morning, sir," he said "I trust that you remember me sir" His gooseberry eyes roamed to and fro, and he wheezed sentimentally for a moment

"It seems strange to be in this room once more, sir. After returning from America, I was for some time in the employment of Lord Uffenham at Shipley Hall. Revisiting it brings tears to my eyes."

"Get on," said Roscoe curtly "What do you want?"

Keggs was silent for a space. He looked at the bowler hat, and appeared to draw inspiration from it. "Sir," he said, coming to the point without preamble. "I am in a position to put you in the way of obtaining a million dollars'

It had frequently been said of Roscoe Bunyan that, though loaded down above the Plimsoll line with money, he was always willing to walk ten miles in tight shoes to pick up a penny someone had dropped He loved money as dearly as he loved food. These sensational words, accordingly, touched the deeps in him, and he stared dumbly

Keggs proceeded to explain. He did so with admirable brevity

He concluded: "The arrangement was, in a word, that Mr Bunyan's guests should each contribute fifty thousand dollars to a fund, the money to be placed in trust, and that the entire sum should be paid to whichever of the contributors' sons was the last to become married."

Roscoe's eyes were gleaming with a febrile light His was not a very nimble mind, but he had grasped the general idea

This was in 1929?"

Yes sir'

Then

Precisely, sir In the course of the years, the field, if I may employ a sporting expression, has thinned out The sole survivors are now yourself and one other contestant, who is of straitened means and desirous of marrying'

"How do you know?'

"Through the good offices of the private investigation bureau which I have been employing sir."

"They told you this fellow wants to get married but can t afford to? '

"Precisely, sir But no doubt, if you encouraged him to do so with a measure of financial assistance, he would take the plunge. Leaving you

MY BROTHER Richard

HE was born near the north-west border of India where our father was a staff officer That is why he was brought up with a love of India and a strong impression of the power of government

I was two years Richard s junior, and always remember watching him sitting with my father, surrounded by Indian headmen, listening to their complaints and hearing my father sort out their problems.

After these meetings we had the fun of watching the tents of our baggage train being erected and we used to play a game which made everyone very angry As soon as the tents went up we had races to see who could climb the tent ropes and reach the top first. Sometimes the canvas was damaged, and we got a spanking

By the time our little sister Dorothy was born (christened by my brother because no one else could think of a name) Richard had begun to ride a pony. One day he had a terrible fall, breaking his arm in three places. It was badly set and he never recovered the normal use of it later, this prevented him from playing many games.

His passion for organization was evident even in his earliest childhood. He used to lead us in all our games We had dozens of animals, some stuffed, some brass, and he would spend hours arranging them into families of mothers, fathers, nannies and children, building them houses from bricks. He even made armchairs for the teddy bears. He was fascinated with railways—in fact, he still is—and we used to have a huge, complicated railway system. Richard had a wonderful imagination and was always inventing fantastic new adventures for the passengers of our trains.

Every Sunday evening during the first World War my uncle invited to dinner various Indian princes and maharajahs who were on leave from France, where they were serving with the Indian Army. One of them often brought two sons to the house with him

We were told that they would obey without hesitation what ever order he chose to give them I wanted to put this to the test and suggested to Richard that we should tell them that their father wanted them to jump from the window, to see if they would do it.

I was on my way to tell them when Richard caught me up and told me not to do it. He thought they really would jump His wise counsel prevailed, as it has many times since.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 52

Rheumatic misery relieved

BY FYNNON SALT

(Photograph posed by a model)

True Case History of 55 year old Dentist

READ THIS LETTER from a grateful dentist. (For professional reasons we must omit his name). He writes: "For three years I have been troubled with severe pain in the right knee, to such an extent I had to give up all golf, my only form of exercise. Three months ago the trouble spread to the left knee, until I was almost a cripple, to get up from a chair or to get out of bed was agony. Five weeks ago, a friend told me to try Fynnon Salt . . . I am now free from all pain in both knees. I have given up all electrical treatment, massage, and simply taken Fynnon every morning. As an old rugby player and athlete I am fitter now than I have been for the last ten years. I am now 55 years of age. Forgive this tirade, but I had to let you know what a joy it is to be free from pain, and play golf three times a week, as was my custom . . . I only hope that thousands of sufferers will get the relief I have had." This letter, which can be seen at our offices, is typical of hundreds received from sufferers of all ages, expressing gratitude for the way Fynnon Salt has relieved their rheumatic pain.

Backed by Scientific Findings

As research has increased our knowledge of the incidence of rheumatism, it has also produced general agreement among medical men that improper elimination of waste from the body frequently accompanies and contributes to rheumatic conditions. Fynnon Salt acts as a two-way attack on impurities.

1. It is an effective but gentle aperient, using body fluid drawn into the intestinal canal to rid the system of waste matter

2. It is a diuretic, flushing the kidneys and reducing impurities in the blood — the approved treatment for many rheumatic conditions.

Do not dismiss first twinges as 'just aches and pains' or as 'a touch of rheumatism'. They are nature's way of warning you to start treatment *at once*. And Fynnon Salt can help you most if taken before these twinges become a regular discomfort.

25-45 ARE THE DANGER YEARS

There is still a widespread belief that rheumatism is exclusively an old person's complaint. Nothing could be further from the truth! Investigations show that the danger years for fibrositis, neuritis, lumbago and the less persistent forms of rheumatism are between 25 and 45. And the fact that these complaints can develop, in later years, into the more persistent kinds of rheumatism emphasises the need for early treatment.

LARGE TIN 2/8

The Fynnon Co., Brentford, Middlesex

FYNNON SALT

For the relief of

RHEUMATISM, FIBROSITIS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO AND GOUT

in possession of the million dollars, sir.

Roscoe plucked at his double chin. If there was one thing in the world he detested, it was giving people financial assistance. On the other hand, if there was one thing he loved, it was adding a million dollars to his bank account.

As he sat weighing the pros and cons, Mortimer Bayliss sauntered in.

The years which had dealt so lightly with Harold Keggs, had been rougher with Mortimer Bayliss, withering him till he now resembled something excavated from the tomb of one of the earlier Ptolemies. Seeing the visitor he halted, raking him with his black-rimmed monocle.

"Keggs!" he cried, astounded.

"Good morning, Mr Bayliss."

"Aren't you dead? I thought we'd got rid of you years ago. What on earth are you doing here?"

"I came to see Mr Bunyan on a matter of business, sir."

"Oh, you're talking business? Then I'll leave you."

"You won't!" said Roscoe, starting into life. "You're just the man I want. Is it true what Keggs has been telling me?"

Mr Bunyan is alluding to my account of what occurred at his father's dinner table on the night of September the tenth, 1929, Mr. Bayliss. Your suggestion of what I might term the matrimonial tontine."

MORTIMER BAYLISS stared incredulously. "You know about that?" he said. "For heaven's sake! Where were you? Hiding under the table? Standing in a corner, disguised as a potted palm?"

"No, sir. I was not present, except in spirit. But I had made a daily practice, from the very early beginnings of the bull market, of concealing a dictaphone behind the portrait of George Washington over the mantelpiece in the dining-room. I thought it might prove helpful."

"You mean you got a recording of every word spoken at those dinners of J J's? You must have collected some pretty good market tips."

"I did, sir. But none more profitable than yours, of selling my holdings and investing my money in government bonds."

"You had the sense to do that?"

"I sold out next day, sir. I have always felt extremely grateful to you, Mr Bayliss. I look upon you as the founder of my fortunes."

Roscoe broke in petulantly. "Never mind all that. Is it true about this tontine thing?"

"Quite true. It was one of my brightest ideas."

"And there's really a million in it?" Roscoe persisted.

About that. Half a million was the original sum put up. One of the eleven changed his mind in the calmer atmosphere of the morning after, so there were ten starters at fifty thousand a head. It should be around a million by this time."

"Keggs says there are only two of us left in now, myself and another fellow, and he's engaged and can't afford to get married. Keggs suggests that if I were to slip him something . . ."

"I follow your train of thought. You could push him over the edge, as it were. Well, you two between you seem to have turned what was supposed to be a nice clean sporting contest into a thoroughly lowdown ramp. And what is Keggs's position? I take it that he expects a return of some sort for this information of his."

Keggs coughed. "I was thinking of a hundred thousand dollars, sir."

"What!" It was Roscoe who said this, quivering the while like a harpooned whale. "Why you . . . !"

"Please, sir," said Keggs.

"Yes, this is a business conference, Roscoe," said Mortimer Bayliss. "We shall get nowhere if you let your angry passions rise. A hundred thousand dollars, you think, Keggs? Cash down?"

"Oh, no, sir. What I had in mind was five thousand pounds in advance and the remainder when the proceeds of the tontine are in Mr. Bunyan's possession. I feel I deserve some small recompense for my services."

"Small!" said Roscoe. "*Small?* A hundred thousand dollars?"

"The customary agent's fee of ten per cent, sir."

"Extremely reasonable," said Mortimer Bayliss. "Surely even you, Roscoe, with your cheap imitation head, can see he's got you in a cleft stick. Unless financially assisted, this other fellow may not get married for years and years, if ever, and you can't assist him financially if you don't know who he is."

Keggs nodded approvingly. "Precisely, sir. In the hope that Mr Bunyan would think well of my proposition, I prepared a form of agreement, which only needs his signature to become legal. If you would care to glance at it?"

Mortimer Bayliss took the document and screwed his monocle more firmly into his eye. He said: "Is this a professional job?"

"I did it myself with the assistance of *Every Man His Own Lawyer*."

"Well, it's an excellent bit of work. Very clear and concise and binding. But I see a difficulty."

"Sir?"

"If you tell him the name before he signs, he'll doublecross and give you nothing, and until you tell him he won't sign."

"If I might be permitted to suggest a solution, sir. The name is one familiar to you, and you will recognize its authenticity. If I were to whisper it to you?"

"Excellent idea! Solves everything. Go ahead, Keggs. Whisper and I shall hear. Really?" said Mortimer Bayliss, taking out a cambric handkerchief and drying his ear. "Well, well, well! The name Keggs has just hissed, Roscoe, is unquestionably that of one of those present at that dinner. I would advise signing."

Roscoe was still quivering. "But a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Sprat to catch a whale."

Roscoe ran a hand feverishly through his hair. "But how am I to give this man financial assistance, as you call it? You can't walk up to someone you don't know and hand him money."

"I didn't think of that. Any suggestions, Keggs?"

"It could be very simply arranged, sir. Mr Bunyan is the owner of the Bunyan picture collection. The young gentleman is in the art business. It would be perfectly plausible for Mr Bunyan to offer him the post of assistant to yourself at a large salary, possibly with the proviso that he would prefer to employ a married man in that position. He might go so far as to hint to the young gentleman that it would not be long before he succeeded to your place as curator, you being old and past your work."

"Hey!"

"Merely a ruse, sir."

"You may call it that. I call it blasphemy. Well, I get the idea, but it seems tough on the poor fish. He'll give up his job and get married, and then Roscoe—if I know him—will immediately fire him."

Obviously there would have to be a definite written agreement guaranteeing employment for a number of years. Otherwise the young gentleman would not have the feeling of security necessary if he is to assume the responsibilities of matrimony."

"You think of everything, don't you?"

"I endeavour to do so, sir."

Mortimer Bayliss waved a hand with the spacious gesture of a man who is disposing of somebody else's money. "No good wasting any more time, Roscoe," he said. "Sign on the dotted line and get it over with."

A deep sigh shook Roscoe Bunyan from head to foot, but he did as directed.

Keggs took the paper with something of the air of a young mother dandling her first born. "And now if I might have your cheque, sir. Thank you, sir," he said, taking the oblong strip of paper and placing it in the recesses of his costume.

"The name is Hollister, sir."

"Son of the late Joe Hollister, one of the few men in America who were able to put up with me," said Mortimer Bayliss. "Bill, if I remember rightly, was his name. Very nice boy. What's he doing now, Keggs?"

"He holds the post of assistant at the establishment known as the Gish Galleries, sir."

"Good God! That den of thieves! He'll be well out of it. Hallo, you leaving us?"

"I promised Mr Skidmore that I would join him for a bite of luncheon, sir. A warm friendship has sprung up between Mr. Skidmore and myself. Good morning, sir. Good morning, Mr Bunyan."

"So that's that," said Mortimer Bayliss as the door closed. "You know, he added, "there's one thing about this business that you may have overlooked, Roscoe."

"Eh?"

"How about your own wedding? You haven't forgotten that you are betrothed?"

Oh, that? I'll break it off, of course."

Mortimer Bayliss threw his head back and laughed. "The last of the romantics! What a rare soul you are, Roscoe! But what about breach of promise actions? I suppose you've written her letters?"

"One or two."

"Mentioning marriage?"

"Yes."

Then you'd better start worrying."

"No need to worry. I know an excellent man called Pilbeam, who runs the Argus Inquiry Agency. He'll get those letters back for me. I gave him the same sort of job about a year ago, and he did it without a hitch. Of course, I won't break off the engagement till I've got them."

"God bless you, Galahad!" said Mortimer Bayliss. "What nonsense people talk about the age of chivalry being dead. . . ."

If you are a connoisseur with money to burn you are almost certainly familiar with the pirates' den known as the Gish Galleries. It occupies the ground floor of a building in Bond Street and opens for business bright and early, not wanting to waste a minute. An assistant who works there is at his post by nine o'clock sharp. Unless, as Bill Hollister had done today, he oversleeps himself as the result of spending most of the night at a party. Then he clocks in somewhat later. The hour, when Bill reached journey's end, was nearing eleven-thirty.

Nevertheless, though he knew that behind those portals Mr Leonard Gish was crouching to spring, his spirits were high.

In describing William Hollister as of straitened means Keggs had been correct for his salary was far from being all he could have wished it to be, but in saying that he was desirous of marrying he had fallen into a pardonable error. In a moment of sheer madness, he had it is true, proposed to and been accepted by a Miss Ruth Murphrey, a severe young lady who studied the violin at the Royal College of Music, but this morning on his breakfast table he had found a letter from her severing their relations, and it had acted on him like benzedrine.

"But the engine is running"

MY BROTHER RICHARD

See page 50

R. A. Butler is Mrs. Iris Portal's famous brother. He later became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Privy Seal.

IT has been well said that there is no ecstasy so profound as that which comes to a young man who, unexpectedly given his freedom by a fiancée for whom he has never much cared, and it was Bill Hollister's considered opinion that Joe was a dish best eaten cold, is right in the way. He beamed cordially on the young woman who sat in the outer office of the galleries and gave her a cheery greeting.

"Good morning, Elphinstone, good morning, good morning!"

In Miss Elphinstone's gaze there was rebuke and disapproval. "Oh!" she said.

"Elphinstone," Bill said, "you see me today sitting on top of the world with a rainbow round my shoulder. And what a beautiful world it is."

"It won't be when you see Mr Gish. He wants you."

In the main gallery Mr. Gish, small, dark and irascible, was standing before the statuette of a nude lady who, appeared to be playing the lute or some similar instrument, flicking at it with a feather duster. Bill raised his hat, always the chivalrous gentleman.

"Is this man annoying you, madam?" he asked courteously.

Mr. Gish spun on his axis. "What do you mean by coming here at twelve o'clock?"

"A little late you feel? Yes, possibly you're right. I was at a party last night and got home with the milk. A photo finish."

As so often happened when he found himself in his young assistant's society, two conflicting emotions were warring within Mr. Gish: one an

imperious urge to fire him on the spot, the other an uneasy feeling that to do so would be to label himself a base ingrate.

In the boom days of September, 1939, Bill's father, who had more money than he knew what to do with, though he lost it all in October, had provided Mr. Gish with the capital to start this business of his, and a conscientious man cannot lightly ignore such an obligation.

He compromised by calling Bill a number of very injurious names, at which the young man shook a reproving head.

"This," he said, "is not the true Leonard Gish speaking. You will be sorry for those harsh words later on. But we mustn't stand here kidding back and forth. To work, to work! What can I do for you today, chief? Anything cooking?"

"Yes, there is. There was a girl in here the other day. . . ."

"They can't keep away from you, can they, poor fluttering moths. What is the secret of this mysterious attraction?"

"She came from her uncle, Lord Uffenham. He has some family pictures he wants me to sell for him. Go and look at them. They are down at his place in the country, Shipley Hall, near Tonbridge."

"No, there with deep respect, me lud, you're wrong. Shipley Hall is the rural seat of Roscoe Bunyan. He was at the party last night, by the way, looking fatter than ever."

"Lord Uffenham has let Shipley Hall to him."

"Oh, I see."

"You will find Mortimer Bayliss there. Get his opinion of these pictures."

"I will. Mortimer Bayliss! How that name brings back my vanished youth. He used to come and play chess with my father, when I was a boy, and curse me for peering over his shoulder. A testy character. The story was that his mother was frightened by a snapping turtle."

"I'm not asking you to kiss him. I'm asking you to get his opinion of Lord Uffenham's pictures. There isn't a better judge in the world."

"And what a beautiful world it is. Let me tell you how I feel about it."

But Mr. Gish, never able to stay in one place for long, had vanished, and Bill was left to savour alone the happiness which Miss Murphrey's correspondence had brought to him.

He savoured it for perhaps twenty minutes, then, looking at his watch, saw that it was time to be thinking of lunch. And a good lunch, too, not his customary bread and cheese and beer, but something special that would be worthy of the occasion. It is not every day that a man feels like a caged eagle that has been freed and permitted to soar into the empyrean.

Weighing the respective merits of Claridge's, the Berkeley, the Savoy and Barribault's, he decided on the last-named. Mr. Gish had once taken him there to celebrate selling a Matisse to a visitor from Texas at twice its proper value, and the cooking had always remained green in his memory.

In the outer office Miss Elphinstone was at the telephone. "Oh, just a minute," she said, as she saw Bill. She turned with a hand over the mouthpiece. "It's a Miss Benedick asking about some pictures belonging to someone called Buffenham."

"Uffenham, child, Uffenham. Yes, I've been briefed about those. I'll talk to her. Hallo? Miss Benedick?"

"Oh, good morning. I'm speaking for my uncle, Lord Uffenham," said a voice, and Bill nearly dropped the receiver.

For the voice was a voice in a million, a voice that cast a spell and wooed the ear to listen, a wonderful, magical voice that stole into a man's heart and stirred the deeps in him. Bill felt as if he had got in touch with an angel, and one probably the mainstay of the heavenly choir. He had never in his life heard anything that made so instant an appeal to him, and strange thrills ran up his spine and out at the roots of his hair.

With difficulty he contrived to speak. He said: "Was . . . was it about those pictures of Lord Uffenham's?"

"Yes."

"Down at Shipley Hall? You called here about them only the other day?"

"Yes."

Bill wished that she would not confine herself to monosyllables. He wanted long, lovely sentences.

"I'm going to Shipley Hall this afternoon to look at them," he said.

"Oh, good. Who are you?"

"Mr. Gish's assistant."

"I see. Well, thank you ever so much. I'll tell my uncle."

Bill replaced the receiver dazedly. He was feeling as if he had passed through some great emotional experience, as indeed he had. What a voice, he was saying to himself, what a miraculous voice!

He stood there motionless, and there rose before his mental eye a picture. The scene was a church and he, in a cutaway coat and striped trousers, was walking down the aisle with this golden-voiced girl on his arm while the organ played "Oh, Perfect Love." A bishop and assistant clergy had done their stuff, the returns were all in, and she was his . . . his . . . his, for better and for worse, in sickness and in health, till death did them. . . .

At this point it occurred to him that he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance or the slightest chance of making it. There was, he reflected, always something. Giving Miss Elphinstone a distrait pat on the hair, he went out into Bond Street. . . .

To be continued next week

Peter Sellers is never himself

Continued from page 19

so-and-so, aren't you?" But he agreed to see Sellers and gave him a date in *Showtime*.

Sellers did impressions of radio stars in this first broadcast. His mother remembers that she helped him to write the script at the kitchen table, and it takes her just fifteen seconds to find a cutting in which, next day, a London evening newspaper critic acclaimed Sellers as a find. Soon afterwards, with a four-year B.B.C. contract, Sellers was broadcasting regularly in *Ray's A Laugh*, in which he created the characters Crystal Jollybottom and Soppy, and *The Goon Show*, in which he bears the responsibility for Henry Crun, Ernie Bluebottle, Sir Henry Porridge, Reuben Croucher, Judge Schnorrer, Ernest Splutmuscle, Major Denis Bloodnok, Miss Selina Clutch, Inspector Thud, Colonel Slocombe, William McGoonagle, Gravely-Headstone, Grytpype-Thynne and Flowerdew.

At the time of his first broadcast, Sellers was aiming at a career in variety. Denis Selinger, his agent and manager, remembers the first variety date he arranged for Sellers, at the Hippodrome, Aldershot.

"His money was very low, and he had the second spot after the curtain rose, the worst possible position in the bill for a comic," Selinger recalls. "On the Monday night he went on in a lounge suit, told a few gags, told stories with character accents, did a few impressions and finished up playing the drums.

"It was bad. I went round to his dressing-room and sat looking at him, not quite knowing what to say."

Now that he can top the bill in variety, Sellers is no longer keen to do so. His idol is Alec Guinness, and he sees his future as a character actor in television, for which he is to do six straight plays, and films. His best film part so far was that of a Teddy Boy in the Alec Guinness picture *The Ladykillers*. The Teddy Boy began as a minor part, but it was made bigger after the producer had seen Sellers's screen test.

Before this, film companies made wide use of Sellers's vocal talents. While rarely putting the man himself on the screen, they called him in to help them out of many kinds of sound track difficulty.

In the film *Malaga*, the director had a shot of a gang of foreign crooks, all yelling at one another. They looked fine, but they didn't sound right. When the film was shown, each arguing voice belonged to Sellers.

In *The Black Rose*, the part of a Chinese bandit was played by a Mexican actor, Alfonso Bedoya. He played the part beautifully, but his words were difficult to understand. Sellers was given a tape recording of the sound track and was asked to imitate the actor's voice with only a slight alteration in tone. When he had dubbed a new voice into the film, the company in Hollywood returned one reel to be done again. "It is too close to the original," they complained.

In the film *Our Girl Friday*, Sellers supplied the voice of a talking parrot. Another film, while safe in America, contained libellous implications in a speech by Humphrey Bogart. Sellers put some fresh dialogue into Bogart's voice.

For some weeks Sellers introduced the voice of Sir Winston Churchill into *The Goon Show*, "looking for that lost telegram," until the B.B.C. put up a ban. Later, in the film *The Man Who Never Was*, he put in the off-screen voice of Churchill. "The time of the film was 1942, when Sir Winston's voice was some tones higher than it is today," says Sellers. "But because people have a bad memory for such things, I had to strike a happy medium."

Only once has Sellers had to refuse to dub a film voice. For *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman* the film-makers wanted the voice of one of the actors, Harold Warrender, to speak an introductory commentary. Warrender had died just after the film was made. Sellers listened to the sound track a number of times, but he knew he could not possibly imitate Warrender's voice. "The timbre was out of my range," he says.

Sellers was born into the theatre in 1925. His father was a musical director and his mother a character actress, his uncle ran a theatre and his grandmother, Welcome Mendoza, was known as Ma Ray and had put on at the turn of the century the first revue seen in Britain. On his mother's side he is descended from Daniel Mendoza, the Portuguese Jewish bare-fist pugilist who died in 1836.

From the age of six months he toured with his parents, sleeping in a basket in the dressing-room. When he was two his mother made him a miniature dress suit, stood him on a table and taught him to do an impression of Albert Chevalier singing "My Old Dutch," insisting that he make the correct gestures. As the boy grew older his father hired a succession of piano teachers. As a result, in his teens Sellers was able to play the piano by ear but preferred the drums, could do a passable imitation of George Formby, and heartily disliked the theatre.

War came, and Sellers, senior, took his son on an Ensa tour. In Chorley, Lancashire, Peter, then sixteen, grew tired of hard beds and hostel food and announced his imminent return to London. Father said the show must go on and appealed to the trouper spirit.

But the lad was no trouper. He sent for a taxi, loaded his drums, and went home to Mother. Later he capitulated, worked as a war-relief drummer for Henry Hall, Syd Seymour's Mad Hatters and Waldini's Gypsy Band, and after training as an armourer toured with an R.A.F. Gang Show.

Sellers, at thirty-one, lives in a modern detached house in the north London suburb of Totteridge with his wife Anne, his son Michael, two hairy terriers and a Siamese kitten. "He has a weakness for buying goods that catch his interest," his wife says, "but he likes to ease his conscience by pretending that they are for somebody else. Eight months ago he bought an electric train set for Michael, who has not been allowed near it. He also built Michael, who is two-and-a-half, a radio-controlled boat. I kept him off cats for years because they give me hay-fever, but he finally bought the Siamese on the grounds that Michael ought to have a cat.

"We each have a Baby Austin; Peter would like a motor-scooter, but he can't justify the expense. He keeps hinting that I, with two dogs and a baby to look after, would manage better with a scooter."

In ten years Sellers has owned forty-three cars. No business man, he lost money on the resale of all except one of them. A Rolls-Royce he once owned cost nearly four times the train fare on most journeys.

Active and restless, Sellers will converse, listen to the radio and glance at silenced television pictures simultaneously. "He taps his feet in cinemas and walks out if he is bored without waiting for the film he came to see," says Dave Lodge. He is likely to walk in, say hallo to his wife, then spend an hour and a half talking to somebody on the telephone. He can be temperamental. Recently he was rehearsing to appear in a broadcast with Jack Benny, the American comedian. One of the American producers took him into a corner to teach him how to do a cockney accent.

Sellers, who knows five different versions of cockney, walked out of the show. That evening his father, a Yorkshireman, brought him back to earth by saying, "Why didn't you tell them you have spent half your life trying to get rid of a cockney accent?"

Sellers's fellow goon Spike Milligan is temperamental, too, and he and Sellers occasionally fall out. During a recent temperamental period, Milligan said, "We are like Gilbert and Sullivan; we work well together, but socially. . . ." Their wives, and Harry Secombe, are patient about this.

Normally quietly behaved, Sellers can be driven to outrageous action. Once he sat with his wife in an hotel dining room, listening to the tirade of a woman at a neighbouring table who was loudly criticizing the use of red finger nail varnish. Mrs. Sellers was wearing red finger nail varnish. At last Sellers could stand it no longer. He stood up, looked straight ahead, and yelled, "American Cream Ices."

His wife recalls, "The room went very quiet. This kind of thing used to embarrass me; now it makes me laugh."

THE END

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Oil under England

Continued from page 16

world oil industry because American oilmen have been able to learn their trade in their own backyards.

Now British manufacturers of oilfield equipment—whose exports total millions of pounds yearly—can try out their new types of pumps, drills and so on on our own British fields. Young British petroleum engineers, geophysicists and drillers can learn the rudiments of their profession at home, in the only way they can be learned, by experience.

On the seismic party working across Farmer Brown's acres the assistant observer was a trainee, an ex-Signals officer, recently demobbed. The assistant before him had been a rubber planter and was at that moment continuing his training, begun in these Nottinghamshire fields, in Algeria.

Each of the four rigs working in the area had two or three trainee drillers. At Egmanton No. 15, a trainee sent up by the Iraq Petroleum Company, Christopher Ovenden, from Croxley Green, Hertfordshire, having been on a rig since February, had just graduated to trying his hand on the brake. Soon he would be off to the Middle East to continue his training. On the same shift with him, Sandy Laird, a young Cambridge engineering student, was using his long vacation to get an inside view before deciding whether or not to make his career in oil.

And though the drills churn under grey English skies, the atmosphere is authentic. A geophysicist hails a driller on a corner of an English meadow the last time the two met was on the derrick-fringed shore of North Borneo. One man is leaving the day after tomorrow for a new field in Canada; another is flying out to Libya, pursuing the relentless search for oil.

And the talk is in that strange special language heard wherever two or three oilmen are gathered together. Tales of "the doghouse" (the cabin on the rig platform) and the "lazy bench" (that runs along the wall inside it); of "fishing jobs" (when the bit gets stuck in the hole and has to be recovered) and "round-tripping" (when the bit is brought out from the bottom of the hole, and then put in again, unscrewing and screwing up again each length of pipe).

Britain's turbulent geological history rules out the possibility of any major oilfield. "All the same," added a geophysicist, "it's amazing how often we get a sniff of oil in our bore-holes. There are certainly hopes of locating, in time, a number of fields of the order of the present ones."

In Britain in 1956 the search is being pushed vigorously ahead. British Petroleum has no fewer than three seismic parties in the field. They are ploughing through the gorse and heather of the Ashdown Forest in Kent. They are working up in north Yorkshire near Whitby. They are moving out from the Egmanton field into the flat lands of Lincolnshire.

But seismic survey is only one of the later stages in a long patient process of deducting and elimination. "Possible" oil areas are widespread: west Lancashire and Cheshire; Notts, Lincolnshire and N.E. Yorkshire; the south Midlands and southern England. Over most of this huge area—more than a third of Britain—gravity surveys have been carried out.

At the Eakring headquarters the evidence accumulates from over 20,000 points. Little by little, the picture of underground Britain is built up in the drawing office, filled in, detail by detail, down the years. Here, still wet from the cartographer's brush, is a large-scale plan-view of the underlying strata at Heathfield in Sussex, or in the Isle of Purbeck.

Here is a log of the "Battle bore," put down on the field of 1066.

Here, taking precise and permanent definition on Audrey Billyard's drawing board from the geologist's quickly pencilled field notes, is Egmanton No. 13, completed a week or two ago. Meticulously, the descriptions are lettered on the scores of different strata which have been intersected by the descending bit: "Pale grey carbonaceous silt" . . . "fine off-grey micaceous sandstone."

And here is a correlation diagram, connecting, across country, the strata found in the various bore-holes, a section sliced through underground Britain.

But when all the maps and diagrams have been made, when all the evidence has been sifted and weighed—even when the seismic men have located their much-sought anti-cline—only the driller's bit, grinding into the earth, can deliver the final verdict.

Near the village of Tuxford on the Great North Road, an exploration well, Tuxford No. 1—the first on a new anti-cline located by the seismic party—had reached 3,985 feet and the top of the carboniferous limstone.

The geologist's grey caravan on the site is full of saucers containing samples of rock-chippings from the well. Brought up with the circulating mud, they had been taken by the driller first at every ten feet, then at every three feet. There were a hundred samples a day for the geologist in charge of the well to examine and note.

Then, from 3,400 feet downwards, coring had started.

The last three nights the geologist, Ken Roberts, an Australian who had last worked in Papua, had been called out in the middle of the night to look at cores newly brought out—twenty-feet long cylinders of rock, cut from the hole. His instructions were needed.

But, generally, it needs no microscopic scrutiny to detect the presence of oil: even in quite minute quantities it declares itself swiftly to the nose.

After being described by the geologist on the site, the chippings and the cores are transported back to the geological storeroom at the Eakring headquarters. Here, systematically filed and numbered on stacks of trays, are bottles of chippings and sections of cores—a foot-by-foot biography of this land of Britain.

To drill a well costs from £5 to £10 a foot. Yet this final, inevitable, test remains a gamble with the odds—for an exploration well—of five to one against success on the world average. In England the search started in 1918 with holes put down, on American advice, on the Pennine Uplift. Not till 1939 was the first important field discovered at Eakring.

The search is long, the outcome unpredictable.

In the last twenty years, more than a million feet of test drilling has been done in many parts of Britain. Hundreds of clues have been systematically followed up. In 1947, after reports of oil seepages, a test bore was put down in the middle of the Borough Council recreation ground at Willesden, in north-west London. It reached three thousand feet without encountering any producable quantity of oil.

More oil seepages were reported from Formby, near Liverpool. For years, in this district, the oil-soaked peat had been cut for firelighters. A test drilling went down through some very hard rock to 7,680 feet—the deepest hole yet. Today several shallow wells produce small quantities of oil there. But because of the quantity and freshness of the seepages, oilmen still believe there must be a large reservoir somewhere underground. Its location still remains an unsolved mystery.

In the end, after the years of search, of slowly accumulated data, of costly trial and error, oil is—perhaps—discovered. But to the nation's ledgers, Britain's oil explorers bring other windfall profits. In north Yorkshire their borings brought to light a deposit of potash salts; in Lincolnshire they revealed a new deep coalfield. A 5,040-feet well drilled at Eskdale gave, not oil, but almost pure methane gas at 2½ million cubic feet a day which, it is hoped, will eventually be used for industrial purposes.

In the United States, natural gas provides, at very low cost, over ninety per cent of the total supply. In Britain any saving of our dangerously inadequate coal supply in this way would be immensely valuable.

Now the Gas Council is paying BP Exploration Company £1 million to carry out a five-year survey of natural gas resources in Britain. The third test well under this programme is being put down in the hamlet of Fordon in the Yorkshire Wolds north-westwards of Scarborough.

In Farmer Brown's beet-field, the seismic party's clearing-up man carefully fills in the small crater blasted by 20 lb. of high explosive. In a dozen places, up and down Britain, prospecting bits grind deeper and deeper into the earth's crust.

At night, the lights twinkle on the rigs in fields around the Great North Road. And in Nottinghamshire meadows the "nodding donkeys" sway up and down, more numerous each week.

Today, in her own unobtrusive fashion, yet more wholeheartedly than ever before, Britain is a part of this fantastic, fabulous globe-girdling oil business which, more and more every year, keeps the world's wheels turning.

In 1956, at home as well as abroad, Britain is "in Oil."

THE END

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Coleridge relaxed in the parlour arm-chair —and composed a great poem while he slept

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the poet, fell asleep in his arm-chair in the front parlour of his cottage at Nether Stowey, in Somerset. He dreamed. When he awoke he seized a quill and paper and began to dash off the poem which he imagined he had composed in his sleep. . . .

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea . . ."

. . . and so on.

Presently the parlour door opened, and a maid came in and said: "A gentleman on business, sir, from Porlock." When this infernal visitor from Porlock had left, the poet found that the remainder of the dream poem had entirely slipped from his memory—for ever.

In 1796 Coleridge was twenty-four years old, married, with a child, and in constant money difficulties. In despair he wrote to his faithful benefactor, Thomas Poole, a kindly, prosperous tanner who lived in Nether Stowey village. Poole replied that there was an empty cottage close to his own house. On December 31 the poet and his small family moved into their new home.

During Coleridge's occupation the cottage was very much as it is today: two rather dark parlours on each side of the street door, a steep staircase leading to two little bedrooms above, and a cramped kitchen in the rear. Behind, however, was a small garden which communicated with Poole's premises. It contained an arbour (the Lime Tree Bower) in which the poet sat and wrote for hours on end, at a tripod table, usually with a tankard of foaming beer before him.

To be near Coleridge, William Wordsworth went to live at Alfoxden, four miles from Nether Stowey. The two poets were looked upon as dangerous radicals, and Wordsworth's suspicious landlord set a detective to track his movements.

The detective had an abnormally prominent nose about which he was unduly sensitive. Following the poets one day, he overheard them in earnest talk about the philosopher Spinoza. To the keen ear of the detective, the strange name implied a criticism of his appearance. Deeply wounded, he had his revenge in giving a damaging report to his employer. Wordsworth's lease was promptly terminated.

Coleridge lived until 1800 in the cottage, which goes by his name and is now owned by the National Trust. There he also wrote part one of *Christabel* and *The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner*.

How to get there: Nether Stowey is seven miles from Bridgwater. *Open:* Daily (except Saturdays), 11 to 1, 2 till 5.

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Path To Power	Spot Of Bother
Gentleman With A Fez	Alfie's Gang
Made It	The Thing To Do
Sewing, Knitting, Mending	Sheer Cussedness
To Help Mother	If We Do Get To Mars

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

(Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL dated October 29.)

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. An entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 3), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 29, for early news of No. 2,059 result.)

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